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VOLUME IV.

THE NEW PRINCETON REVIEW.

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CERTAIN TENDENCIES IN CURRENT LITERATURE.

I.

The somewhat desultory conflict which is now being waged in the literary field between "realism" and "idealism" is a most doubtful and subtile one; for there are few realists who have no ideality, and few idealists, few romanticists, who do not make use of the real. Shakspere was somewhat of a romanticist; somewhat of an idealist; and yet what realist of our day cuts deeper into the actual than he? In what realist of to-day can we find, for instance, a closer piece of observation than his where he speaks of the sleep that weighs down the eye-lids of the woman who nurses a child? And yet Shakspere gives this exquisite touch of reality lightly, as a simile. Cleopatra has placed the deadly aspick to her breast and is sinking into the oblivion of death:

> "Peace, peace!
> Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,
> That sucks the nurse asleep?"

Where, likewise, in all literature is there a more sublime and constant idealist, a more remorseless realist, than the great Tuscan poet-politician?

The fact is that all art is a selection. There is no *real* real in literature; and the world will have its own opinion of the taste and art of a writer who is swamped by the commonplace, or who betrays an engrossing love for the unlovely. Every writer must draw the

line somewhere. To the unthinking it may appear that Zola saves himself that trouble; but he does not. We may suspect that there is always something more ghastly and abhorrent in real life than any realist of our time has yet cared fully to report, no matter how destitute of taste he may be, or rich in courage. Hateful is the false art that winces at every touch of unconventional and unrestrained vitality in nature and in society; and hateful, alike, the false art that delights in the disgusting. If a realistic guide seizes upon you at the *gare* in Paris, drags you into one of their endless sewers, and, after an all-day's journey, in slime and nausea, beneath that city of beauty, tells you that you have now, at last, seen Paris —he lies! For not less Paris is the unbelievable vista of the Champs Élysées; not less Paris the Cathedral of Nôtre Dame; nor the palace of the Louvre, where the Venus of Milo keeps mankind forever aware of the ideal of human loveliness, and where Rembrandt, that ideal realist, shows us the unearthly face of the risen Christ.

But it is especially of fiction that we think when realism is spoken of; and it is evident that the definitely realistic school of our day and country is doing a great and needed work, both by example and precept. Let us not resent the zeal of some of its advocates, who at times assume that this school is the first and only enemy of the sentimental and the absurd. It is true that the walls of the unreal had begun to totter before a single blast was blown of their latter-day trumpets—for this is the age of science, of analysis, of remorseless, endless questioning. It is true that Benjamin Franklin, philosopher, drawing down with his kite the lightning of Jupiter, was the first American realist. But the message of the American literary realist of to-day, though not quite so novel as it appears to sound in his own ear, is timely and needed. It is the voice of conviction; the note of the genuine, of the exact; it is, perhaps, the fault of the situation that this voice is pitched at times in a tone more strenuous than alluring.

If it is asked what, precisely, is understood by this new gospel of realism, and if I hesitate to attempt a full and categorical reply, it is because I do not care to undertake a definition which I am sure can be much better elaborated by others. There are sceptics who would say that the present realism in fiction is in France a discovery of the unclean, and in America a discovery of the unimportant. But this would be a petulant and shallow answer. The serious explanation

of the sympathizer might be that modern realism is everywhere, at home and abroad, a discovery of life.

To use so epoch-making a name as Rousseau; to quote examples of realism or of realistic imagination from writers before or after the author of *The Confessions;* to say that any one of these was at times a realist; that Balzac was especially a realist, and may be considered the founder of this school in fiction, unless the date be moved on to Flaubert's day; though a method and a tendency might thus be indicated, still such examples would not thoroughly illustrate the present realistic movement. This movement could be more clearly explained by an examination of contemporaneous continental novels, chiefly of those belonging to the reigning school of Paris, and distinguished at this moment by the work of men as different from each other as Zola, Daudet, and "Pierre Loti;" even more powerfully explained by the books of Tolstoï, a writer whose extraordinary artistic career is now passing into a religious and political propagandism no less extraordinary; explained more satisfactorily still by the stories of the late Russo-Parisian, Turgeneff, the most delicately proportioned, the most artistic, flower of the school. In America the movement could be illustrated by reference to writers with whom all are familiar, and whom it is unnecessary to name.

But in lieu of exact definition and copious illustration, the realistic method may be indicated in a general way by negative description. Strictly realistic fiction is averse to caricature; it may, perhaps, complain that even Balzac has a touch too much of this, and it looks upon that masterly and astonishingly real writer as somewhat unduly given to the romantic. Modern realistic fiction does not take kindly to the conventional hero and heroine, nor to elaborate plots, nor to melodramatic situations, and "romantic" disguises. Its method would scarcely include such a line as that in *The Lady of the Lake*, which has brought to their feet, with startled delight, more readers than any other single line in the English language:

"And Snowdoun's knight is Scotland's king!"

Realism is, in fact, something in the air which even those who do not think of it by name must necessarily feel. Its influence in America, as elsewhere, is not confined to those writers who proclaim themselves of the faith; it is the Time-Spirit. Even our broader humorists feel the influence; as well as the writers of fairy tales,

vagaries, and romances. Even in the minds of many who think themselves free from its influence it remains as a test of everything they write or read. Though some of its apostles say "Romance not at all!", the Time-Spirit will permit you to romance, if you manifest a certain deference, even though unconsciously, for the real. The Time-Spirit does not, thank heaven! object to the inimitable invention of Stockton, nor to the stern and breathless fantasy of Stevenson; because each of these so different purveyors of impossibilities still keeps a firm hold upon the world we live in.

Realism is a state of mind, and it is the state of mind of the nineteenth century. It affects the poet, fictionist, humorist, journalist, essayist, historian; the religionist; the philosopher; the natural scientist; the social scientist; the musician, the dramatist, the actor, the painter, the sculptor.

How intimately the various branches of intellectual activity are affected by the realistic spirit, it would be an interesting task to inquire, but a task beyond the range of this writing. An essay might well be devoted to the philosophic field alone. In the religious field, the realistic influence might be pointed out in an important work just issued from the American press. Theodore Munger, a divine of the keenest spiritual insight, calls his very latest book *The Appeal to Life*, and as realism may be called the discovery of life, so this book, or rather the method it elucidates, may be called the discovery of God in human life. Says its author:

> "If we can interpret the human heart as it feels and hopes and strives in the natural relations of life; if we can measure the play of the human mind in the family, in society, and in the nation, we shall find both the field of the Gospel and its vindication. The thing to be done at present . . . is to set forth the identity of the faith with the action of man's nature in the natural relations of life."

The social scientist feels this influence, and forbids you to put your hand in your pocket and give a real dime to a romantic beggar.

The musician, from the time of Beethoven's "Pastoral Symphony" to that of Wagner and the modern so-called "programme-music," has felt increasingly the realistic influence.

The actor feels it; and the finest comedian of America exemplifies on the stage, to the never-ending delight of his fellow-countrymen, the absolutely satisfying union of nature and the imagination, of the real and the ideal. Contrast his exquisite, unfailing, and always elevating art with that of another comedian; a man of most desirable and commendable originality, dealing freshly and strongly,

as author and actor, with seldom-seized phases of our modern life, but capable of illustrating, unconsciously, in his own person, one of those current tendencies which make the judicious grieve. I have seen this doting-piece of the realists devote a large part of an evening to the absolutely natural depiction of the effects of the juice of the American tobacco-plant, when applied internally to the system of a (naturalized) American citizen. The actor feels it; and the greatest tragedian of our age, greatest both by popular applause and critical assent, shows in his art that idealization of the real and realization of the ideal—that fusing of both in the white heat of passion—which marks the highest intensity of imaginative art.

The painter feels it, and two among the most salient art movements of our time, disassociated and strangely dissimilar—in many respects directly opposed each to the other—are yet each distinctly in the line of modern realism: the pre-Raphaelite movement in England, and the Impressionist movement in France. The painter feels it, I say, and the peasant of Normandy who spent his life on the edge of the forest of Fontainebleau painted this unescapable realism of the nineteenth century into that picture of the ideal "Sower," which stands in many minds as the most typical, the most thrilling, the most lofty work of modern art.

The sculptor feels it; and in a work like St. Gaudens's Lincoln, (yet in the studio,) gives us a realistic and yet ideal portrait of a statesman of our own day; a man of intense individuality; gaunt; long-drawn-out; clothed, not in the typical toga, but in the homely and typical broadcloth; a statue which startles with its impression of the man—not of the man's external traits alone, but also of that humorous, shrewd, far-seeing, just, tender, melancholy spirit which ruled an empire by the force of imagination and the power of a great heart.

I have cited these examples of imaginative art in other fields than literature, to show that realism is all about us; that when properly understood and intelligently practised it is something to be rejoiced in and not to be deplored; that, in fact, this age demands reality with greater insistence than any preceding age; but still demands it not as a solitary and morbid function, but as a part only of the make-up of the consecrated artist.

The more reality the better! But let it be reality all the way through; reality of the spirit as well as of the flesh; not a grovelling reality; not a reality microscopic, or photographic, or self-conscious,

or superficial; not a reality that sees ugliness but is blind to beauty; not a reality which sees the little yet neither sees nor feels the great; not a reality which ignores those social phenomena, those actual experiences of the heart, those natural passions and delights which have created in man the "romantic spirit"; those experiences of the soul which have created in him "the religious spirit," and which are facts of existence certainly no less important than any other.

Some of us remember how captivated we were many years ago, when stereoscopic views were first introduced as a parlor toy, and little twin photographs of in-door groups, colored just like life, were used, like music at the play, to make endurable the "waits" of the social drama. You lifted the machine from the white marble centre-table, looked through the eye-pieces, and could see these people, standing up and sitting down, posing quite naturally. You could actually look under the table. You could see all around the separate figures. It was most curious; most "real." Yet how soon every one tired of this bogus reality. It is like this with some, by no means all, of the work of our modern American realists. It is curious; it is a sort of discovery. You can see under the table and all around the little man with a blue coat and striped trousers; but it is not art, and it will not last.

Yet a great deal of the American realism of to-day *will* last for its own worth, for its revelation of ourselves to ourselves, and as a hint for the work of future days. What is it but realism, as understood by various minds, as interpreted by many and various artistic temperaments, in all sorts of surroundings, and among "all sorts and conditions of men," that is at this moment vitalizing American literature and attracting to it the attention of the world? We do not want less realism, but more of it; and better, fuller, than we now have! In some of our current realistic work a true method, used awkwardly by men freshly and deeply enamoured therewith, becomes obvious and ineffectual. The result is a straining after novelty; the elevation of the insignificant; in a word, a lack of proportion, a lack of art. But when these very men fully master their method they will preach more acceptably their artistic faith; the faith of their great European masters, living and dead. Above all they will feel that the realization in fiction of the petty, the disagreeable, and the loathsome can only be tolerated where there is a background either of genuine and living humor, or of the most powerful human passion.

II.

Along with the growth of the realistic comes a cry from some of our authors for a greater freedom of subject and expression: a freedom which, they declare, is denied to them by that class of the public for which they are compelled to write. They complain that American men are too busy to be novel-readers; at least, that there are not enough men-readers to constitute a paying audience—a statement which, by the way, it would be hard to prove. They declare that they are in mortal terror of the young girl of the period, who is at once the source of their income and the arbiter of their destiny. Professor Boyesen has put the confession and complaint of some of our American novelists into frank and unmistakable language, in an article published in the *Forum*. He writes with a sore heart; and if some part of the impetuous confession fails to do justice to the best in himself, and belittles his own beautiful, and, surely not altogether insincere work, let us not misunderstand a cry of distress like that; let us, on the contrary, give earnest heed to what he has to say.

"I confess," says the author of *Gunnar*, *The Story of an Outcast*, and *Truls, the Nameless*—"I confess I have never written a book without helplessly deploring the fact that young ladies were to be the arbiters of its fate; that young persons whose opinions on any other subject, involving the need of thought or experience, we should probably hold in light esteem, constitute collectively an Areopagus from whose judgments, in matters relating to fiction, there is no appeal. To be a purveyor of amusement (especially if one suspects that he has the stuff in him for something better) is not at all amusing. To be obliged to repress that which is best in him and offer that which is of no consequence is the plight to which many a novelist, in this paradise of women, is reduced. Nothing less is demanded of him by that inexorable force called public taste, as embodied in the editors of the paying magazines, behind whom sits, arrayed in stern and bewildering loveliness, his final judge, the young American girl. She is the Iron Madonna who strangles in her fond embrace the American novelist. *

Professor Boyesen mentions certain modern American novels which he regards as exceptions to the rule, such as Mr. Howells's *A Modern Instance* and *The Rise of Silas Lapham*. And he refers

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* *The Forum*, February, 1887.

to De Forest's *Honest John Vane* and Eggleston's *Roxy*, as exceptions which prove the rule that the capable novelist of to-day avoids politics. He thinks the novelist has a greater freedom, and therefore does greater work, in all the countries of continental Europe. He implies that England is in the same condition as America, but he does not go into detail with regard to that country, though, since the publication of Mr. Boyesen's *Forum* article, Mr. Rider Haggard has sent up a similar note of distress in regard to the present supposed limitations of the English novelist.

Let us assume that Professor Boyesen is right, and that the young woman of America is as he depicts her, a terror to manly genius and the devastator of American literature. But, then, are there no compensations? The kind of freedom that Professor Boyesen individually yearns for might, in his own literature, be a boon and not a burden to the community. But if we go without freedom, do we not also go without filth? "No," you say, "we import a plenty of that." Yes, a great plenty, but is it not a bit staler and less offensive after its translation to our shores? Is there, or is there not, a greater delicacy and decency of speech in America than on the European continent? There are many who believe that America has the purest society in the world. Is not this purity worth paying for with a little prudery? To what a fathomless pit of shame has so-called "liberty" brought a large part of the literature of France! Even were the restrictions of the American novelist as great as Professor Boyesen believes them to be, I can see another side of the shield. But I do not think it is as bad as he thinks it is. As for the young American girl of the period, I have not as poor an opinion of her as have some of her critics. She has, I take it, a good deal of penetration, of sympathy, of enthusiasm; her intelligent interest and curiosity cover a wide and widening field; and in the matter now at issue she probably occasions more alarm than she suffers. The impartial observer will agree to this, that while, according to Professor Boyesen, the American novelist has been making his living out of the young American girl, he has never yet quite done her justice in fiction. Perhaps we can now understand the reason why; for it seems that he may have at the same time exaggerated her dominance, and underrated her common-sense.

But, without badinage, is it not true that, as a general thing, our authors have expressed themselves frankly, faithfully, and naturally; and not least acceptably when most faithfully? Professor Boyesen,

as noted above, gives a brief list of exceptions to what he holds to be the rule. The full list of virile works of fiction, published in American magazines during the last fifteen or twenty years, would be a long one, and would represent with insight and accuracy the various phases of life in the new world. But the American author has, besides, the privilege—and an extending privilege it is—to print, as in France, in the newspapers; and book publication, also, is nearly always possible in some quarter. I certainly do not believe that works of real art, of real power, can be prevented from reaching the public in America. Some periodical, some publisher, will send them forth, and the author will reap a generous reward.

Every one, nevertheless, who is sincerely interested in the development of American literature, should welcome the discussion which Professor Boyesen's protest has occasioned. I cannot but believe that he has exaggerated the difficulties of the situation, but he has called attention to a vital question, and one that deserves to be honestly and fully discussed. He, however, has overlooked the fact that one of the very magazines to which he refers was before him in sounding a note of warning. As much as two years ago it acknowledged, in fact, some of the very limitations to which he now calls attention, doing this for the purpose of helping to spread abroad a more genuine literary hospitality, and to assist in procuring for all writers a greater liberty of theme and opinion.

"There are some," says the editorial to which we refer, "who deprecate the very existence of the popular magazines upon which our American writers are so largely dependent—especially dependent in the deplorable absence of international copyright laws, which would not only give them revenue from abroad, but protect them at home from the base competition of stolen literary wares. There are some, we say, who fear that our literature may lose in frankness and in force from the supposed necessity of trimming too consciously to the taste of an audience which has many sensitive and hypercritical elements. There is some truth in this. It cannot be denied that much of the world's most valuable literature, sacred and secular, could never reach the public through the pages of the 'family magazine.' There is, moreover, a certain unwritten guarantee which every periodical evolves from its own history and habit. It behooves all concerned to see to it that the limitations of the popular periodical do not have a narrowing or flattening effect upon current literature; do not put our best writers into a sort of literary bondage; do

not repress originality and individuality either of style or of opinion. It may be said on this point that while the world will always have its share of the long-eared race, fortunately the number of the over-anxious and the hypersensitive seems to be growing yearly less considerable; and the idea is rapidly passing away that editors are bound to the infinite task of themselves entertaining every shade of opinion and belief expressed by the various writers for the periodical with which they are connected. Readers afford help to editors by being tolerant, open-minded, and sympathetic with 'many moods of many minds,' as editors themselves must be." *

III.

The more closely, then, we study the foreign and native influences at work upon American literature, and the more keenly we appreciate the æsthetic tendencies of the present age, the more must we be convinced that our American literature is destined to show, even to a greater degree than it does at present, a specifically realistic tendency. And at the same time our authors are sure to assert, more and more, the liberty of discussion; the right to a freer report and criticism of the whole range of modern life and modern thought.

If this be so, how increasingly great the responsibility our current literature is assuming. Will the reaction against the unreal carry, especially our novelists, to excess? We must expect this here and there. Will an overdone realism have the effect of the juice of "the little western flower" on Titania's eyelids, and will the muse of fiction "be enamour'd of an ass"? We are sometimes called to witness that phenomenon already. In fact, so imminent is the harm from the overzeal of the proselytizer, and from the reckless performance of the unintelligent or conscienceless disciple, that no serious worker in even the most advanced group of the realistic propaganda should take unkindly either the questioning challenge of unbelievers, or the sympathetic warning of those who think they descry dangers in the path.

"Reality, reality, reality!" cries the novelist, appealing for freedom. Let him have his reality, but not until he proves that he has mastered that watchword of subtler power, "Imagination, imagination, imagination!" Nor let him think that he is prepared to undertake a more pressing and intimate mission to humanity till he as-

* *The Century*, May, 1885.

sures himself of a decent and artistic taste, a clean heart, and a pure purpose. No one can read the pronouncements of the American realists without feeling that they have a mission. But suppose one thinks he discovers evil tendencies along with the good in this movement, shall he be silent lest he be misunderstood? Heaven forbid! Let us each be true to his own nature and conscience.

IV.

Now, in the strictly realistic movement in this country, along with the wholesome, there are certain other tendencies which some of us who read cannot do otherwise than deplore and condemn. These tendencies are partly æsthetic, partly moral.

We deplore the fact that while preaching industry and accuracy to the literary neophyte, and in striving to get false and conventional notions of art and life out of his head, these men mislead alike the would-be artist and his public by views of the artistic faculty as false in one direction as are those they would supplant in the other; for though it is well to play the part of the severe uncle to the heir of genius, it is a cruelty both to the individual and to the reading-world to encourage great expectations in ambitious mediocrity.

We deplore, moreover, a tendency to underrate that unnameable and not to be analyzed quality in a painting, in a book, which constitutes the essential difference between one so-called work of art and another. We deplore the tendency to ignore or depreciate what is most subtile, evanescent, indescribable, and valuable in art,

"The light that never was on sea or land."

We who read deplore, on the one hand, a loss of the old love of beauty—of beauty "for its own sake"—and on the other an apparent lack of interest in the deeper ranges of man's spiritual nature.

We deplore and condemn also a tendency toward what seems to us an un-ideal standard, not of literature only, but also of life. I speak of this tendency with diffidence, for I know that the tone to which I allude is taken conscientiously, and is the result of close and long study and experience. The evident desire is to substitute sensible and accurate views of life for high-flown and misleading views; the idea also seems to be that it is better to set the moral aim not too high, for then there is more likelihood of hitting the mark, and less chance of disastrous discouragement. But what if, in

stamping out sentimentality, true sentiment now and then suffers outrageously? And as for aim, why not let it be high? Why not the highest?

"The aim, if reached or not, makes great the life."

Let not those be censured who would bid the archer point his arrow at the moon rather than at the street-lamp, thinking there were better chance to bring down a star.

The pronounced realist may say that a sane archer does not shoot either at moons, stars, or street-lamps. Well, then, let us put it in a less poetic way, and declare that in our experience the more a man of business, or any citizen, æsthetic or otherwise, cherishes ideal aims—aims tinctured with imagination, even, it may be, with romance and mysticism—the more apt he is to act justly and live honorably and usefully among his fellow-men.

V.

The pronounced realist is a useful fellow-creature, but so also is the pronounced idealist—stouten his work though you well may with a tincture of modern reality. For let us confess—knowing that if the narrow realist frown (or, more likely, smile) at the confession, not so will that wiser realist, the Spirit of our Time—let us confess there are some of us who thirst now and again for deep draughts of old-time heroism, romance, faëry; some of us who cannot live without the clear, pure atmosphere of the over-world; who, in all our wanderings, must, with Dante, keep our eyes upon "the most sweet stars"; who need all the Bibles and Divine Comedies, all the Lears, Midsummer-Night's Dreams, Miltons, Wordsworths, Emersons, Brownings; all the loftiest musicians and painters; all the supernal imaginings, most devoted affections, most sacred associations, and inspired communions of which our souls are capable; who need all these to make life "less forlorn"; to bring

> "that blessed mood,
> In which the burthen of the mystery,
> In which the heavy and the weary weight
> Of all this unintelligible world,
> Is lightened";

who need, it may be, all these and more to keep us out of the penitentiary or the mad-house.

So sordid is life that sometimes it seems as if the current of moral progress had come to a stand-still, or was even actually turn-

ing back. At times the tendencies toward the base, the un-ideal, affright us with their nearness and force. But recall the voyage down the St. Lawrence. For miles there is no smallest craft in sight. How smooth the waters! How swiftly we glide, now in the middle of the mighty stream, now darting strangely near the woody banks! The wheels of the steamer have suddenly stopped; but watch the shore; the boat is driving on, not of its own force, but the slave of the rushing current. A breathless moment, and the vessel plunges across the topmost wave of the rapids, and shoots onward—downward. But see; the ocean-like billows in front, on either side, curve backward instead of on, and the giant river seems to be returning upward to its source. But it is not; it is pouring forever toward the ocean—its goal.

So, in the current of life, the superficial waves sometimes break backward; but may it not mean that the waters are hurrying faster to the ocean of everlasting truth and right? Notwithstanding all that is sordid, petty, unclean, and menacing in politics, in the press, in society strictly so-called, in the greater social world—no matter what may threaten the literature of our age or country, let us be sure that the deepest and strongest tendencies are wholesome and true.

Broadly speaking, the great artist, in every art and in every age, unites the functions of the realist with those of the idealist; but it is the ideal side of art and of life that makes the other worth while, and raises mankind ever higher above the beasts. It is the ideal side of our nature that stands in greatest need of culture: and surely none the less in a realistic age like this. Let us not be ashamed to listen to the voices that come to us from the heights.

> He the great World-Musician at whose stroke
> The stars of morning into music broke;
> He from whose Being Infinite are caught
> All harmonies of light, and sound, and thought;
> Once in each age, to keep the world in tune,
> He strikes a note sublime; nor late, nor soon,
> A god-like soul—music and passion's birth—
> Vibrates across the discord of the earth
> And sets the world aright.
> O, these are they
> Who on men's hearts with mightiest power can play—
> The master-poets of humanity,
> Sent down from heaven to lift men to the sky.
>
> R. W. GILDER.

AMERICAN ART SINCE THE CENTENNIAL.

THE first principle to consider in art criticism is the environment of the thing criticised, and the causes which stimulated its production. The intrinsic or independent merits of such object may be subsequently considered, but not before, in all sound critical procedure. It is because this process is so often reversed, the first step being, in fact, often omitted, that we have so little genuine and honest criticism. Often blame is too largely awarded, when a study of causes would suggest much that is encouraging; while, on the other hand, indiscriminate praise may be lavished when a philosophic consideration of the subject would discover essential poverty or declension. It is because of an imperfect critical analysis that the early efforts of American art were at one time overestimated at home, and are now permitted to fall into unmerited neglect.

For many years we produced artists who presented the paradox of having decided talent, and yet offering little original art. We mistook the one for the other, and now, on finding ourselves mistaken in the quality of the results, we fall into the error of refusing to recognize the unquestionable ability of the artists of our early school. Perhaps no one is to blame for this; but a more careful perception of the fact that art progress is conditioned on certain invariable laws may enable our critics to perceive with growing knowledge that they can only judge American artists justly by an impartial consideration of the conditions in which they are placed, and a generous application of the laws underlying art progress.

Our artists until recent years demonstrated the possibilities of their talent, but did not always produce the results of which they were capable, because their environment here was not suited to the encouragement of original art expression, while the artists who most influenced them abroad represented schools in their decadence; and our artists had not yet learned that it is impossible to imitate or revive a style or school when the conditions that produced it no longer exist. The two most important creative works yet produced in America, Hawthorne's *Scarlet Letter* and Judd's *Margaret*, are great, because they were produced by great minds thoroughly im-

bued with the spirit of the peculiar social conditions in which they were reared. With the exception of some of our portrait painters, we are, therefore, reluctantly obliged to admit that most American painters and sculptors until recently were born out of due time, and their art ability never reached adequate expression. This was due in part to the fact that they began at the wrong end of the ladder of art progression. All history shows that the industrial and decorative arts precede the distinctly pictorial arts, which are hardly attempted until the former have approached their culminating excellence. Unaware of this fact, and rather scorning what used to be considered here the lower arts, and aspiring to what is absurdly and conventionally called high art, our painters reached up for the grapes without climbing the steps that led to them. They showed great native power, but often failed in their purpose for obvious reasons.

American art is at present in really the most healthy condition it has yet reached, because it has at last entered upon a logical path, loyal to the laws that, like free agency, aid while they seem to restrict true development.

The period when American art finally started in the right way to produce a national school may be set about 1865, gradually increasing in momentum until the Centennial gave it a decided impetus that is destined to continue until the forces now at work result in a genuine national school, original, and, let us hope, important.

It is, perhaps, too soon to state exactly what were the forces that gave energy and direction to the dormant feeling for beauty in the nation. But there can be no harm in pointing out a few of the agencies which at this time appear to have been most potential. Of these, one of the most decided was the establishment of the Massachusetts Normal Art School, under the direction of the late Mr. Walter Smith, who was invited from England to organize an institution and a system similar to that of South Kensington. Amid the rapid accretion of the art movement in the United States since then we are liable to lose sight of the remarkable influence exerted by that event, which at the time aroused great opposition on the part of some and wide discussion among all who were interested in the dissemination of art ideas, while the aggressive and uncompromising attitude of Mr. Smith aroused a personal feeling against him which eventually resulted in his return to England. Although not prepared to accept all his ideas or approve all his methods,

yet, as one who was always outside of the bitter warfare he aroused in the art circles of Boston, the writer is firmly of the opinion that Mr. Smith was excellently fitted to initiate the system of art education, especially industrial art, established in Massachusetts, and was greatly instrumental in furthering a cause which, in the hands of a less positive character, might have failed from the outset.

About the same time the founding of the Museum of Fine Arts of Boston and the development of the Metropolitan Museum of New York gave signs that the public craving for art facilities was meeting a response on the part of the capitalists, who up to that period had been content to hoard the art treasures of the country in private galleries. The example was followed almost simultaneously by similar institutions in many of our cities, until we now find sumptuous art buildings in Philadelphia, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Buffalo, Chicago, Washington, and elsewhere, with art schools attached to them, and collections of paintings and casts more or less complete.

Nothing so well illustrates the size of our country, its wealth, and the different tastes of widely separated sections, as a study of these institutions. There are those who constantly demand some great central museum, combining under one roof all the advantages requisite to prepare the art student for his profession. While not denying the desirability of such a metropolitan institution, we think it a mistake to ignore the very great facilities already afforded for the study of art in this country. Germany and Italy furnish similar examples of a national art distributed at several *foci* without injury to æsthetic progress. If everything is not found in one place, by moving from one art museum or school to another—not a difficult affair, with our travelling facilities—the art student may find what he seeks in at least one of them. While all are far from complete in their appointments, most of our art institutions offer great richness of example in some one branch or specialty. In Boston we find a superb collection of casts from the antique; the Corcoran Gallery at Washington also has an excellent collection, happily representing a different set of examples, together with a most valuable series of bronzes, by Barye, the greatest sculptor of animals since the time of the Assyrians. At Cincinnati, on the other hand, are furnished examples of the modern German schools, especially of Düsseldorf and Berlin. In the Philadelphia Academy School the pupil may obtain an exhaustive knowledge of art anatomy, while in the school of St. Louis he finds one of

the most thorough art training institutions in the world. Chicago, Milwaukee, and Buffalo offer in turn special advantages for art education. The Art Students' League of New York, which ranks among the first art schools in the country, and is supported entirely by the tuition fees, represents in turn the most recent technical methods of Paris and Munich, together with a careful study of the nude, in which respect the National Academy is not far behind. The Art Students' League is most creditable to the Society of American Artists, and a notable sign of the vitality of the contemporary art movement in America.

Another important factor in this new art era was the change made by our art students abroad from Düsseldorf and Rome to Munich and Paris. It is perhaps just to ascribe the origin of this change, at least in part, to the late William M. Hunt, of Boston. Mr. Hunt was neither so great nor so original a painter as his ardent admirers claimed for him during his lifetime, but he had what was more important in a reformer—a thorough belief in himself, a vigorous cast of mind, and a decided personality, qualities fitted to make him a leader. The day that he became a student of Couture he also became an apostle of the progress of American art, and led the way for men of perhaps greater art ability than his own. He was a force, and as such must be accepted in American history, without too rigorous analysis of the quality of his genius. The importance of Mr. Hunt's influence is shown by the fact that not only our young painters but our students in plastic art were led by him to the study of modern French art. French sculpture of the present age may not be that of Phidias or Praxiteles, but it is the best we have today, like the Greek, dealing with live subjects suggested by the sympathies of the period.

Another agent in stimulating our art in the last decade has been the establishment of the magazine called *Scribner's Monthly*, and subsequently the *Century Magazine*. By creating a healthy rivalry with *Harper's Monthly* in the matter of illustration, this periodical gave a great stimulus to the arts of illustration and engraving. Another cause was the great commercial activity produced for a time by the civil war; money began to be lavished on private and civic buildings and public monuments, in styles suggesting the operation of new influences. These were some of the causes and effects showing a change in the direction of the wind. Our national school of landscape painting, hitherto the most important evidence

of art feeling among us, had culminated. Although highly poetical, it had introduced no new art ideas or methods.

It was the Centennial Exposition, however, that gave the needed impetus to influences already at work, and fairly started our art in a direction similar to that which began in England with the Exhibition of 1851, but with more adequate results, let us hope. For in England the incentive given to industrial art by that event was, as it were, an afterthought, an attempt to galvanize a national art which had already proceeded through various stages to its culmination. In successive centuries England had produced magnificent decorative art, architecture, and painting, the latter reaching its acme in the period that included Reynolds and Turner. In English art since 1851 there has been great activity; that much meritorious work has resulted may be readily admitted. But its creative genius has during this period produced nothing equal to what preceded; no special originality has been displayed, but the contrary.

But it is quite otherwise in the United States. We have never before had any school of great original art, either decorative or otherwise, and therefore, although gaining the initial inspiration from abroad, we are in exactly the proper condition to create a national school of our own. The instances in which a people have originated a great, distinctive national school, entirely independent of borrowed ideas and methods, are so scarce it is almost impossible to mention any except those of Egypt and China; and even they, probably, received hints from earlier people, of which we can as yet trace no record. Originality in art, and even in literature, consists not so much in beginning to practise art entirely *de novo*, without relation to any other, as in assimilating borrowed suggestions, in recasting old gold and giving it the stamp of a new dynasty. To borrow without that process is imitation or plagiarism; to restamp it with a new and worthy design is originality or genius. Genius gives a new form; talent repeats and circulates it. The two processes may go together, but they indicate different intellectual conditions. Now, English art since 1851 has exhibited abundant talent but little or no genius, for it has added nothing really new in æsthetic progress. In recent American art, however, we note evidences of a genius which is yet to be developed into a great national school. The art of Europe is travelling along a table-land, with no heights to climb in view; American art, on the other hand, is taking the initial steps on the ascent of a height which has yet

been trodden by the art of no other age. Its present condition is that of hope. Therefore it is that we do not share the discouragement of some, nor, on the other hand, the premature exultation of others. All is going well, but it is best it should not proceed too rapidly. In any case, the race is not to the swift, but to the strong.

The Centennial Exhibition gave the people at large an opportunity to discover a latent love for beauty. In the results that have followed, we have at last begun to learn that no great school of art or literature can stand alone. It must be the outcome of a deep-seated popular sentiment, the efflorescence of a widely diffused want, that finds in them its last and finest expression. Our people awoke to a sense of their needs in 1876; but a certain period must be allowed for the legitimate result to appear. In the mean time, we note with encouragement the signs of its coming.

Industrial art has reached a most favorable position here in so short a period that one hardly realizes how much has actually been accomplished already. With this, of course, must naturally be included much that goes by the name of decorative art. Foreign artists and artisans, it is true, have been invited here, and are responsible for the direction of several of these industries, but it is not true of all; and it must be admitted that they have found very apt pupils here, while the fact in no way militates, in the present stage of our art, against the native ability of the country. Shah Abbas began the revival of Persian art by inviting artists from India and China; the Sassanid sovereigns also invited artists from Byzantium. But we see parallel with this fact the other fact, that out of this foreign direction grew up in each case a distinctively national art. The Romans imported Greek artisans, and the French and English in turn, both in Gothic and Renaissance periods, drew inspiration respectively from Italy and Germany. The glass-works and potteries of Trenton, New Bedford, and Cincinnati, for example, are showing us what excellence we are rapidly achieving in the production of domestic ware. The colored designs in glass, by Mr. Lafarge and Mr. Louis Tiffany, represent an art so distinctly original that it can be claimed as American. Both began about the year 1877 to formulate the idea of improving on the art in stained glass as now practised in Europe, and rivalling the art of the period which culminated in such windows as glorify the superb aisles of Lichfield Cathedral.

It is difficult to speak with moderation of the magnificent results which have attended the earnest efforts of these distinguished artists in this direction. The movement began by the attempt to utilize what is called opalescent glass. The controversy as to who originated that idea does not concern us here; for it was not long before both were engaged in developing the art on a much more comprehensive plan, to the aid of which many artists of merit have been called to assist by preparing designs.

The best colored glass implies the employment of glass that is tinted throughout, and leaded in harmony with the design. Modern stained-glass windows had departed from these principles; but American art has revived their practice, and, with the superior mechanical facilities of the present age, has succeeded in producing results never before equalled, the designs as well as the mechanism being far more complicated than those of the Middle Ages.

Just now the tendency is to revert to the painting of glass, the color being laid on the surface and attached to it by baking in a heat that fuses the color without melting the glass. This process is confined thus far to the painting of faces and hands and the smaller details of a design, and to this degree is not objectionable. The facility it offers for evading mechanical difficulties is so great, however, that there is danger that our decorative artists may yield to the temptation as those of Europe have done. This is greatly to be deprecated, as it would tend almost at its birth to ruin one of the most original and successful of our decorative arts. The daring exhibited in grappling with this art has been one of the surprising points in the making of American stained-glass windows. Mr. Lafarge has executed some designs in flowers of extraordinary intricacy and beauty as well; many are familiar with his famous battle-window at Cambridge; and he has recently surpassed himself in the magical splendor of the Ames Memorial window, at Easton, Massachusetts. The Tiffany Glass Company has achieved a grand success in an enlarged copy on glass of Doré's "Christ in the Prætorium" for a church in Milwaukee, no less than forty feet long and twenty feet wide. These artists have likewise apprehended the fact that such a window must have for its first object the passage of light, and that any design disturbing that idea has failed of its purpose.

Wood-carving has also been carried to a high degree of excellence in various quarters, but notably by an association of ladies at Cincinnati. We cannot always find, in the beautiful designs they

have so effectively carved, a clear apprehension of the principle of massing effect, which is so important a feature of all good art. But they are not alone in this error; it is a defect yet quite common in the art of the age. This objection will pass away with a truer grasp of the principle of sacrifice, that is, of deliberately rejecting certain details for the purpose of massing the effect on those which are essential. Artists of genius perceive this truth instinctively, and probably put it in practice unconsciously. In the modern school of Impressionists we see an attempt to introduce this principle, especially in landscape painting; it has not succeeded, because the artists who have attempted this movement are men of too scanty reserve power to complete what they undertake. Reticence in art does not mean incompletion, but the concentration of effort and effect to an adequate expression of a given conception.

Architecture in America during the period under consideration is so important, and progress in this department has been so widely diffused, that it properly merits a separate article. It is not inappropriate to say here, however, that in considering this subject it must be divided in two distinct parts, in order to discriminate properly between what is strictly original as well as meritorious in the work of our recent architects, and what is simply imitative. The construction properly belongs to a technical and mechanical department, with which we have nothing to do in a paper on art; and yet it is exactly here that we find that our house designers have exhibited the most originality and positive merit. This is especially true regarding our domestic architecture. Here our designers have correctly followed the conditions suggested by the environment, aided by the vast fertility of our inventive and mechanical experts. Probably the world has never seen private dwellings more comfortable and better furnished with conveniences than the mansions which grace the streets of our chief cities. But when we consider the architecture or the art features of these buildings we are compelled to speak with more reserve. That there is much elegance and often exquisite taste exhibited in the decorative element of these constructions, and a genuine attempt at conscientiousness in the use of materials, is not for a moment to be denied. The result has been to give an air of splendor to several of our cities and to diffuse an atmosphere of wealth over the land. To have attained this point is a great gain, for which we may be devoutly thankful. This yearning for beauty has extended to every form of civic construction. Even the storehouses

for ice, along the Hudson, exhibit attempts at decoration that would have been laughed at twenty years ago.

But to go a step farther, and assert that a new and a national school of architecture has been developed in the United States, would be a manifest error. What we observe in even our most interesting buildings is a clever adaptation of foreign and old-time schools, with the exercise of considerable taste and judgment in the adaptation. One curious circumstance attending this architectural reform is the almost whimsical variety suggested by local taste or influences, as well as the rapidly shifting fashion from one form of imitation to another. In one city it is the Romanesque that we see imported to our shores; in another the Queen Anne or the Elizabethan; in another the Renaissance, a school, by the way, which has always predominated in our civic buildings. Here we observe an attempt at Italian or Moorish or Japanese, there a nondescript medley which suggests several styles. Doubtless some of these buildings are so beautiful that one does not care to criticise. Sometimes, as in the famous Trinity Church of Boston, there is an affectation of strength that is quite unnecessary, and can only be accepted when appropriate, as it might be in a Norman donjon or a Romanesque castle. It certainly is not so in the place where it is. While daring to regard this building as architecturally unsatisfactory, we are quite willing to consider the recent architecture of Boston, with some exceptions, as the most satisfactory yet seen in the United States. The liberal use made of brick and terra-cotta in that city is worthy of all praise.

But, after all has been said, we defy any one to prove that we have yet produced a style that is original and typical. When we see the Parthenon, we see a type like no other style; the same may be said of St. Sophia—it represents a distinct school in form and detail; the same with the Alhambra and the northern Gothic. When we see a building in these styles, we have no hesitation in assigning it to the group to which it belongs. But where is the typical building in the United States that represents a new and distinct class? That it may yet come is not the question here, but the fact that it is not yet here. It must be said, as a plea for our lack of architectural inventiveness, that the types already created are so comprehensive that they practically drive the architects of the present and future to discover new adaptations rather than types. The scope in this direction leaves "ample room and verge enough" for the exercise of taste

and the practice of the underlying principles of architecture. That much may be done in this direction is shown by what Inigo Jones, Wren, and Vanbrugh accomplished when they introduced the bastard school called the Renaissance into England. One of the most genuine examples of real architecture on this continent still is the small Redwood Library at Newport, for which the design was furnished by Vanbrugh.

The most marked feature in our house-building at present is the all but universal movement toward decoration. In some cases, as in the house of Mr. William K. Vanderbilt, we see exterior decoration that is at once elaborate and yet massed in an effective way, with clean, simple outlines that leave little to be desired. Interior decoration and furnishing are carried to a degree of richness never before equalled in private dwellings, aided by many forms of art expression in wood-carving, embroidery, metal work, ceramic and glass wares, and leather. While much of our interior decoration is effective and artistic, yet the tendency is toward an indiscriminate display of art riches that cloys rather than pleases. Repose, so essential in art, is not yet sufficiently understood or appreciated either in our architecture or our interior decoration. A favorable example of the system of interior decoration now employed here may be seen in the appointments of the Lyceum Theatre of New York, designed by Mr. Du Fais.

Embroidery has been so extensively produced in America during this period that it may well be considered among our representative arts, while it is difficult to concede to it the merit of originality, excepting in some of Mrs. Wheeler's designs and Mrs. Holmes's attempts at landscape-painting with the needle. The applause accorded to these works, we think, is due rather to the element of surprise that so much could be done with such a medium, rather than the actual achievement of a legitimate success in a department whose limits are so circumscribed. For the rest, the embroidery done here is little more than a repetition of the South Kensington methods, which, in richness of fancy, intricacy of texture, or splendor of color, are not to be mentioned by the side of the embroideries of Asia, or of Europe in the Middle Ages.

There has been a marked improvement in the designing of metal work since the Centennial and the wide diffusion of industrial art schools over the land. We everywhere see evidences of a more correct taste and a real love of beauty in designing, as well as greater

skill in handicraft. The casting of large sculptures in bronze is now done at some of our foundries with great success; witness Ward's "Washington" and Launt Thompson's "General Burnside," as noble examples not only of a robust talent in modelling, but excellence in reproducing the cast in metal. In our decorative iron and brass work the designs too often show lack of thorough artistic skill, the tendency being toward an ineffective overloading of meaningless detail. We have not yet learned the elegant simplicity of ancient metal work; but the signs are hopeful; and we may indicate a notable exception in favor of many of the designs employed by our artisans who work in silver and gold. The vice of all this form of art in the present age, and especially in this country, is that it is inseparable from the taint of trade influences which see in the art not art for art's self, but for money. Of course, occasional unique designs are produced at great expense to meet special orders, in which these points are allowed some influence. But as a rule the principle which controls the product of designs in the precious metals here is one opposed to the untrammelled development of genius.

The same observation applies to our illustrators and wood-engravers, about whose admirable work so much has been justly said that is favorable. We have reason to be proud of the original genius displayed in this department of American art. It is true that composition is not yet thoroughly understood by many of our illustrators, and that we have yet none among us exhibiting the spontaneous facility and fecund imagination of a few leading European designers, like Dürer, Blake, or Doré. But it is useless to deny that within the last decade a number of American artists in black and white have come to the front, who are quite capable of holding their own with the best contemporary designers abroad. What is better yet, they are for the most part artists whose genius and training are wholly native. We may claim almost equal merit for our school of wood-engraving, which came contemporaneously with the illustrators, both owing their first and chief source of encouragement, as it appears to us, to the rivalry already alluded to between *Harper's Monthly* and the *Century Magazine*. We do not care to enter into a discussion here regarding the question of superiority between the merits of recent American wood-engravings and the older style which Bewick, Clennel, and Linton have so effectively illustrated. The aim of our engravers has been different from theirs,

while it must be allowed, even by the opponents of recent methods, that photographing a design on the block necessarily commits the engraver to a somewhat different and more realistic rendering of the drawing than was formerly possible. If we were to distinguish between the two methods, we should say that the old style had more power, the later more refinement. The exquisite work of the American engraver cloys with its richness. The delicate shading of our engravers also evades the daring high lights, the broad massing of lights and darks, that add such force of expression.

The greatest danger to our illustrators and wood-engravers now lies in the very influence which first gave them encouragement. It is the commercial element in our wood-engraving and art of illustration which is in danger of stifling their healthy continuance. We think it is doing no injustice to our enterprising publishers to state that it is not so much the desire to further American art which has led them to give this stimulus to these branches of our art, as to increase thereby the sale of their own publications. Whenever, therefore, an artist or a style has reached a certain degree of excellence, and the public has a right to expect further productions from this artist or engraver, word goes forth in the publication office of Robinson that Jones of the rival magazine has struck a new vein, and there must be an immediate change in the styles now used in Robinson's magazine. If the artists who have done so much to add to Robinson's dividends by their skill and brains are not equal to the emergency, then let them go without delay; but in any event a new style of illustration, a new method of engraving, must be at once made to order, to head off the long line of subscribers whose gold is clicking in the coffers of Jones's magazine. We admit that this is what in the language of trade is called "business," but it is not the way to stimulate a continuance of healthy progress in this or any other branch of art. The artists themselves become mercenary under such a process, and learn to think more of what will "pay" than what is the spontaneous expression of their special ability. We say this in no unfriendly spirit, but simply because we are looking at all sides of this question, and endeavoring to state the facts as they appear.

In American etching, on the other hand, we discover a more encouraging outlook at present. This is an art in which the artist can be less fettered by the dictation of publishers. In an etching the artist may furnish at once his own design and engraving. The pub-

lisher may take it or not, as he likes, but he cannot to the same degree hamper the efforts of hand and brain in the execution of the work. It is an art which, in congenial hands, offers unusual attractions, and the rapidity with which it has been taken up and the excellence it has reached on this side of the Atlantic is one of the most encouraging signs yet exhibited of native art talent. It is a matter of little consequence whether American etchers have yet equalled foreign masters of the art; probably they have not; but what success they have achieved already has won for them a generous recognition abroad, from a public very slow to admit any merit in our art and literature. We have not the slightest hesitation in asserting that it will not be long before our society of American etchers will force Seymour Hayden, Brunet Debaines, and Jacquemart to look well to their laurels.

The art of water-color painting has also made extraordinary progress in the United States within the last decade. It is scarcely ten years since the American Water-Color Society was established. Up to that period the art had hardly been known here, except as represented by miniatures on ivory, executed in the last century and the early part of this. If we are not yet able to show native works equal to those of Girtin, David Cox, or Turner, or the superb aquarelles of Fortuny and Vibert, we can exhibit examples full of promise, and highly encouraging to those who have faith in the American art of the future. The use of pastel has also taken root here, and numbers of our artists have been able to give effective expression to their ideas in a seemingly easy but really difficult medium.

It goes without saying that technical skill in the handling of oil pigments has kept pace with the progress recently achieved by the sister arts in America. This is due very largely to the influence of those artists who, after mastering technical principles on the continent, have returned and settled here. As with enthusiastic neophytes in any pursuit, the tendency has been to exaggerate the methods they have learned and the relative importance of *technique*. But this is a pardonable error, that a larger experience will eliminate from our schools.

What is of more importance is the fact that we notice, in all the departments of our pictorial art, a growing appreciation of the limitations of art and the fundamental value of direct study from nature. The result has been to give more seriousness to the study and prac-

tice of art, and a more artistic quality to the product of our studios. This has been especially noticeable in the increased study given to the human figure, and the growing attention bestowed on subjects suggested by the great drama of human life. Never before has such a large proportion of genre and historic subjects been displayed in our exhibitions. While many excellent portrait painters have recently appeared among us, it is in genre especially that we note a most encouraging degree of excellence developed; history painting, always requiring a high degree of creative genius and intellectual power, seems yet beyond the grasp of most American painters. It is a significant sign of the national cast which our art is gradually assuming, that we observe an increasing inclination to select native subjects. We see on our exhibition walls fewer Italian and Breton peasants, and more scenes such as any one may see at our own doors. Such imaginative artists as Brush and Farney and Guterz are finding a ready inspiration also in our picturesque frontier life, and are in one sense history painters, for they represent scenes that ere long must be relegated to the past.

Our idealists, such, for example, as Winslow Homer, F. S. Church, and the late George Fuller, are also content to design conceptions that are entirely their own. Whatever merit there is in their paintings we have a right to claim as American, and hence to draw a good augury for the future of our art. Pictures such as these indicate creative ability and reserve power, the first thing in art, although in the present age the rarest. The constant outcry for realism has well-nigh killed idealism and imagination, and it is a happy circumstance if we have artists to whom the ideal is a matter of some consequence. The study of the real is a means to an end; it enables the artist better to convey an impression of his thought and aim, but it is only an inferior grade of art that remains content with success in realism. The thought transcends the method. The true artist excels in each, and knows how to bring them into harmony.

As regards sculpture in the United States in recent years, it may be said that there has been no lack of quantity, but less that is favorable can be said as to the quality. This is due to several causes; one, that those of our sculptors who have studied abroad have found the artists now practising the plastic arts in Europe superior in technical capacity rather than intellectual force. The faultless excellence, the exquisite beauty, of Greek art, the grand, robust creations of the Renaissance, suggest excellencies that are not displayed, and

perhaps not sought, by foreign sculptors of this century, with here and there an exception. The majesty of repose in composition has given place to dramatic sensationalism, or a realism that delights in a careful mechanical reproduction of details which please the eye but appeal neither to the imagination nor the heart. Of course, there are notable exceptions; but this is at present the tendency, and our sculptors are not free from its influence. Another cause may be found in the fact that our sculpture is devoted very largely to portraiture, and the prevailing costume is utterly opposed to grace and picturesqueness when reduced to the severe limitations of realistic sculpture. A number of our sculptors, perhaps, have done as well in this field as was possible; but it is not in this direction that immortality in the plastic arts is won. In point of lofty imagination it would be a mistake to assert that any of our sculptors have achieved success. Some very creditable equestrian statues have been produced; but we know of none that is quite worthy of standing by the side of Schlütter's statue of the Great Elector, or Verrochio's immortal equestrian portrait of Colleone, so broadly treated, so majestic in its action, so matchless in composition, that it stands a model for the sculptors of all time. When one sees a work like that, he feels that the artist had a distinct and vivid picture of it in his mind before ever he placed a model before him from which to correct the details. But with our statues we often feel, on the contrary, that the artist's imagination was guided first by the model, and thus the sacred fire, which alone confers immortality, is wanting. One or two of our portrait sculptors have, however, succeeded in making portraits that, in sturdy realism and grasp of character, are allied to the portraits of emperors and senators modelled by the sculptors of ancient Rome.

Modern sculpture will reach a higher degree of excellence than it has yet done when it once more acknowledges its dependence on architecture, and recognizes its position as one of the decorative arts. Happily there are evidences that our sculptors are beginning to apprehend this truth.

It is evident that the pursuit of art in the United States is in a most healthy and satisfactory condition, offering more promise than at any previous period in our history. But if it be asked, Have we, then, a national school yet? we should reply, Yes and No. In certain branches, such as wood-engraving and stained glass, and certain industrial arts, we may well claim to have developed distinctly

native types to a degree that entitles them to be called national and successful. In the pictorial arts and the higher departments of plastic art we have as yet no school, for no typical style or choice of subject has yet reached that point with us that we can speak of it as when we say, the Venetian school, the school of Bologna, the Dutch school, the Gothic, or the Renaissance.

But while we see the signs approaching that we are to have one or more great schools of art in the United States, they will not come before the arrival of two conditions essential to the success of such a school. The first condition is a sympathetic response on the part of the public that shall meet our struggling artists who are patriotically aiming to develop art in this country. This response must be of a tangible character. The critics who write for our press should be more ready than they have hitherto been to recognize merit when it appears. As human nature is constituted, men are more aided in the struggle of life by the stimulus of judicious approval than by the stings of abuse; no critic should indiscriminately apply the latter except in extreme cases, and then without gall. No true artist expects universal applause or objects to sincere criticism when applied with intelligence and in a friendly spirit.

Another condition essential to the encouragement of our art will be found in the willingness of patrons to purchase American works of art. Whatever may have been formerly the case, there is no question that many of our art patrons pay exorbitant prices at present for inferior foreign works in preference to buying for a less price American works of equal and often superior merit. Pecuniary gain is, of course, not the aim of art any more than of the ministry. But even clergymen require salaries, and artists devoting themselves to a conscientious pursuit of art cannot live on air.

These conditions are essential to the development of American art. But in order that it may reach to heights attained by the schools of other ages, still another condition, and far more important, is essential, one that can be gained neither by fasting and prayer, precept nor volition.

The character of a national art is conditioned on the character, the aspirations, the thought of the people from whom it draws its inspiration. If the people be volatile and superficial, its art will partake of the same traits, however excellent it may be technically. It is all well enough to say that the artist or the writer must lead the

people; he is made of the same stuff as they are, and differs from them only in expressing their thoughts through different channels. This truth is apprehended when we say of such a writer that he is popular, or that he appeals to a limited audience.

Our community is still in a nebulous condition. Out of all the races that have flocked to our shores the national type has not yet been developed. Naturally, we are fickle, optimistic, and constantly reaching for some new toy; we still have the characteristics of children. All this will pass away in due time. When our national manhood comes, we shall have gained the dignity, the thought, the steadiness, and the pessimism of manhood. Pessimism comes of experience, and, in a right sense, means a truer apprehension of the position of the race in this life and a thoughtful consideration of the problems of destiny. Few thinkers can be altogether optimists. The greatest men of all ages have taken serious views of things. We speak of the sunny Greeks and the brightness of their religion and poetry. But Homer and Æschylus were pessimists; it was not the comic side of life that they felt, but its profound mystery, its unexplainable sadness. Dante and Shakspere leaned in the same direction; Rembrandt, Michael Angelo, and Da Vinci, Titans in art, were serious in their thought and expression. Not that we would have all art or literature either serious or profound. But we insist that the highest degrees are only reached by those who are serious, and who see something more in life than a mere raree show, a stage of painted puppets dancing to an ear-tickling reel.

Now, seriousness has not been a characteristic of American art; a few artists like Cole and Vedder, McEntee and Fuller, we have had, in whom this has been a marked trait; but our later art has not been, as a whole, beyond the appreciation of a community which is so volatile that it will not support serious or legitimate drama. This is one reason why our art is still superficial in character. Water does not rise above its source. Clever art we have in abundance, and we shall have more of it; but great art must proceed from a great people, and this we are not yet. Numerous, powerful, energetic, inventive, we are, but greatness implies character, and our national character is yet to come. When that day arrives, with it shall likewise come a great national school of American art.

S. G. W. Benjamin.

THE THEORY OF PROHIBITION.

THE discussion of this theme falls naturally into two parts, according to its duplex presentation; first, as civil law, either existing or proposed; and second, as a moral precept. These two aspects are logically quite distinct, and in some respects are antagonistic. Yet in ordinary discussion, at the hands both of friends and foes, they are constantly confused. One rarely hears or reads an argument against prohibition which keeps clearly in view the distinction between a civil statute and a precept of morals. One rarely hears or reads an argument in its favor which does not confessedly draw its strongest plea from moral considerations. Prohibition comes into religious assemblies and church courts, demanding that it receive their sanction and furtherance, as a thing of almost religious obligation; in some cases, even seeking ecclesiastical endorsement for a political party having prohibition as its watchword. In some quarters, also, it is broadly charged that every pulpit which fails to champion prohibition is derelict. This state of things shows a most lamentable confusion of ideas, resulting in much illogical and unchristian argumentation.

The only justifying ground for a prohibitory law, if found at all, must be found in the principles, not of morality, but of political economy, or, to use a wider phrase, in the requirements of public policy. The scope of public policy is wide. It considers what is necessary or desirable for the community at large, what best subserves the interests of the State, what will provide for its revenues, develop its resources, and protect it from various dangers. Here is the ground of power to tax for support of the State and for public improvements; to establish common schools; to levy duties on imports; to declare quarantine; to kill diseased cattle; to regulate the sale of dangerous articles, such as gunpowder and poisons. Indeed, public policy, the right of the State, may go so far in its demands as to "take the body" of the citizen, enlisting him for war, or even drafting him by force, if he himself is unwilling to fight his country's battles.

Now, it is solely in the exercise of the right which such power

implies, and for reasons of external public policy, that the State has in the past interfered, or can ever be asked to interfere, with the liquor traffic, in all degrees of such interference, from the lowest form of license to the most iron-clad prohibition. The confessed object of all such legislation is the lessening, or the entire suppression, of the evils suffered by society in consequence of that traffic. In the presence of such laws, if any citizen claims the personal right to sell liquor without a license, or if, as against prohibition, the citizen claims the personal right to drink liquor within the bounds of moderation, and hence the right to buy or make it—both of which claims found themselves on the personal liberty of the citizen—the State replies, in effect: "Whatever your right may be in itself, or would be in case others were not damaged by its exercise, yet you and your right do not stand alone. All rights must exist together in harmony, and when discord arises there must ensue a mutual limitation. In the application of this principle, the public good requires that the sale of liquor shall be restricted or suppressed, your individual rights to the contrary notwithstanding." So saying, the answer of the State is complete, and, if facts shall warrant, its position unassailable.

Thus far it is clear that the essential question is solely one of the public good. The morality of the question is accidental. Of course, modern society universally recognizes, however it may fail at times in applying, the broad principle that open immorality is adverse to the public good. Society is also, happily, beginning to apprehend that the political economy of the future must, for reasons of social prosperity, permit a larger admixture of moral motives in its methods and precepts. And yet, after all, the liquor laws have not been, nor could they be, enacted because the use or abuse of liquor is immoral, but because the abuse of it is injurious to society. If such abuse did not threaten the public peace, and create enormous burdens of taxation for the support of courts, prisons, reformatories, and asylums; if it were not the fruitful mother of crimes; if the immorality of this abuse were unattended by any material, physical, or social ill-consequences, to the jeopardizing of the public good, there would be no ground for interference by the State.

Its laws against various indecencies and moral evils are made and enforced, not for the reason that such things are wicked, but because moral corruption entails social damage. To sell or drink whiskey might be as wicked as the unpardonable sin, but if no social damage

arose therefrom, the civil law could issue no warrant against it. It is, then, the fact that social damage attends the abuse of liquor, that crime and violence are multiplied by it, which furnishes the State with its justifying reason for interference. Such reason, be it noted, would abide, and demand statutory action in the presence of any threatening danger, though the procuring cause or instrument of such danger were destitute of all moral quality.

What, then, the prohibitionist must do, in order to sustain his appeal to civil legislation, is to demonstrate the gravity and extent of the evils inflicted on society by the liquor traffic; to compute the burden of taxation caused by it; to count the crimes; to show the misery of ruined homes, the loss to society and to mankind through the personal degradation and death of the drunkard, and the dangerous allurements of the saloon, by which thoughtless youth are snared, to the ruin of all the hopes which the State should entertain for the service of each citizen. He must demonstrate the prevalence and burden of this evil in such preponderance as quite to outweigh the claims and individual rights that oppose his cause. He cannot deny, if he keeps within the region of facts, that while the absolute number of those who abuse liquor to the result of drunkenness and social damage is absolutely large, yet relatively it is much smaller than the number of those who do not so abuse it, who never are drunken and never damage society, save in the imagination of that argument for "constructive" damage, so familiar in some quarters, which denounces the moderate drinker as the greatest foe to temperance and social order. Whatever may be the moral judgment as to the position of the moderate drinker, it will not do for the prohibitionist, seeking civil legislation, to lose sight of this undeniable disparity of numbers. To deny it, to take for granted that this larger class is depraved, and destitute of any rights which the reformer should respect, is simply to offend the good sense of the community at large, and to react in injury to the very cause which he seeks to further. With this disparity in mind, then, it becomes necessary for the advocate of prohibition to show that the evil resulting from drunkenness is so great as to require the abolishment of all drinking; that because a certain proportion of society is dangerously vicious in its abuse of liquor, the only remedy is to be found in forbidding to the much larger proportion of society any use of it whatever. And this, if he desires a salutary and permanent statute, he must show, not only to the shifting mind of politicians, catching

at public favor and office, not only to a chance legislature which some political combination may have carried into power, but to the good sense of society in general; a good sense and general opinion absolutely essential to the permanence and utility of any statute, however any sudden tide of passing enthusiasm may have procured its enactment. When the general sense of society is agreed that the greatest good of the greatest number requires a prohibitory law, that law will be enacted and enforced as naturally and promptly as are the laws against stealing and smuggling. Until the law is desired and sustained by such general or controlling sentiment, it will be a positive moral damage, the constant cause of lies and evasions, and degrading in the estimation of men to the very conception of law, which should ever be held as among things most sacred.

It is not the purpose of the present article either to make or to antagonize such argument, but solely to define the limits within which the appeal for legal prohibition must be confined. Whether such appeal is warranted by the condition of society to-day, is neither affirmed nor denied by this paper. The purpose in hand is rather, having made the foregoing definitions, to draw attention to the fact that the prohibitionist is out of his place and beside the real question of legal prohibition, when he assumes that as a civil measure it is demanded by morality; when, as a moralist, he propounds such prohibition as a remedy for the moral evil of drunkenness; when, as a preacher, he lays it as a religious obligation on the conscience; or when, as a Christian, he enters a church court and demands for it the religious authority of ecclesiastical commendation.

This introduces the second aspect of prohibition, which the perhaps more frequent argument strives to make the prominent one, in the utterance of which the movement takes to itself pseudo-religious and moral forms, and appeals to the religious and moral consciousness of the Church and Christians. Dropping its only valid argument of social expediency, it assumes the dignity of a moral precept, and declares that the State ought to prohibit the manufacture and sale of liquor, on strictly moral grounds; that such making and selling are sinful; that the license system is wicked in that it draws a revenue from sin. This idea of moral urgency is spoken or implied in every resort to synods and conferences on the part of prohibition, and to the false principle involved in it many a religious body gives assent, either unwittingly, or unwillingly, for the fear of

being misunderstood or misrepresented. The usual form of such deliverances reasons from the sin of drunkenness and the drinking habit to the necessity of a civil statute to prevent it. Thus, whatever force may be supposed existent in an ecclesiastical enactment to formulate a spiritual law is sought in order to clothe the social expedient of prohibition with the sanctities of a moral precept. It is but a borrowed plumage, not native to the bird which wears it. A moral precept is an instrument for the education and strengthening of the moral man, and as such it may, without hesitation, be affirmed that prohibition has no standing in the court of Christian morality. Urged as a measure of the State, for social reasons, it may be welcomed or tolerated. Preached as a moral dogma, binding on the conscience, it is as reprehensible as the sin which it proposes to abolish. This ought to be self-evident to every mind; and yet, because the mind is oppressed by the enormous evils of intemperance, and at the same time drawn by the good which prohibition promises, the vital distinction here noted is apt to be lost. The truth of this distinction and its importance will appear from the following considerations:

1. The logical support of prohibition as a moral precept necessariiy involves the assumption of one of two things, either that all drinking of intoxicants, and consequently the sale of them, is sinful; or that an invariable moral law of total abstinence, to be enforced on all by conscience and both canon and civil law, grows out of their abuse by some. Both of these assumptions are false. As to the former, it hardly needs to be argued to the unbiased mind that both reason and Scripture place the marks of sin at inebriety. To be drunken is a sin. To drink with the certainty or probability of drunkenness is a sin. To drink within the limits of entire self-control is indifferent. This last is true temperance, with which firmly observed, so long as a man's influence is not taken into account, for the man himself it is as innocent to drink as to eat bread. To sell for such use must also be innocent. It is not necessary to consider here the attempt made to turn this position of Scriptural temperance by the modern interpretation which supposes the Bible to make mention of two wines. It needs but to be set aside for a curiosity of exegesis, as grotesque as it is unsupported by the vast preponderance of scholarship and research. It stands true that the Bible calls drunkenness a sin, but not drinking. Hence there is a false premise in the moral plea for prohibition, when it says, as in

the majority of its utterances, "Thou shalt not drink." This even the moral law cannot say. It is still more impossible for the civil law to say it for moral reasons. The civil law, as already shown, may say it for reasons of social expediency, if public sentiment shall demand it.

This brings into view that fundamental distinction, made by the common law and recognized in the Scriptures, between *malum per se* and *malum prohibitum*. The former is wrong because of its intrinsic nature, and nothing can make it right. The latter is wrong only because the law forbids it. The wrong of the former demands that a statute be made to punish it. The wrong of the latter has no existence until the statute is made and the crime created by the law. The former is fundamental in morals. The latter is an expedient for the State. Both the Bible and civil law say, "Thou shalt not steal." It is a sin to steal under any circumstances and to any amount, however small. It would be a sin if the law said nothing about it. The law says, "Thou shalt not smuggle." Morality and the Bible know nothing about the crime of smuggling until the civil law defines and creates it. Then morality and the Bible make conscience of it and say, "Thou must obey the law." By parity of reasoning, the matters of excess and of influence aside, there needs a prohibitory statute to make all use of intoxicants a sin. The moral argument of the prohibitionist puts the cart before the horse, saying, "Prohibit, because it is wrong." In reality, only the statute can make it wrong. No moralist is ever justified in speaking of a statutory evil as though it were an evil *per se*, or, least of all, in arguing for the prohibition of the former on the ground of the latter's intrinsic sinfulness.

The first of the two assumptions is, then, manifestly false. The other can fare no better, though more plausible in its statement. Its ordinary form of statement is of the nature of a conclusion; that, not staying to argue the abstract question of sinfulness, the evils in many cases attendant on the use of liquor are so enormous as to require prohibition, and therefore it is the positive duty of every Christian and moralist to seek such a statute. But this is contrary to the spirit of Christian liberty and the right of private judgment. You may say, in sympathy with Paul, "I will drink no wine because my brother stumbleth." But you may not say to another that he also must abstain. Whatever the civil statute may compel, you cannot make your estimate of moral duty a law to him. He is your equal

in intelligence, general conscientiousness, and Christian earnestness. There is no reason why his opinion on any matter should not be as good as yours. From the same facts he forms a different conclusion from your own, and equally desires the right and true. You have no right morally to bind his conscience, nor to argue for that which will bind from a moral dictum that is only a matter of opinion. However the individual may enact for himself a prohibitory law on the ground of his own moral convictions and Christian expediency, yet there is a gross invasion of Christian liberty when it is asserted that this is an invariable moral law, that every man ought to be bound by it, or that church courts ought to pronounce it the voice of religion. Indeed, the whole argument for prohibition in this moral phase is but the boldest legalism, utterly hostile to the free spirit of the Gospel. Now, this objection, it may be needful to remark, is not directed against the social expediency of prohibition. Such statute, if enacted, the good citizen will welcome, or submit to, as an experiment for the public weal. If not approved, it may at least be tolerated. But this is quite other than the imposition of it as a moral precept, or the preaching of it in such form. As such it is simply monstrous.

2. As further emphasizing the points already made and adding to them, it is to be noted that the real principle involved in prohibition is directly adverse to the spirit, the method, and the aim of Christian morals. Aside from the social benefits, the thing proposed by the moral attitude of the measure is to reduce vice and promote virtue, to rescue and reform the drunkard, and to deliver others from temptation. It may be safely said that Christian morality, while earnestly desirous of such beneficent ends, is opposed to such a method of reaching them. The philosopher will tell you that, as a matter of fact, you cannot make men virtuous by compulsion. To this the Christian moralist will add that you ought not to try, that you should not, if you could. The ideal of Christian manhood is in spiritual and moral power; in inward gracious strength, not external safeguards; in the self-control of manly virtue, not in continuous pupilage to superior restrictive negations; in the victory that overcometh the world, not the safety of the coward who runs away from the battle. The strength of moral manhood says, "I will not, because I ought not." It is a moral child who says, "I will not, because I cannot." This latter speech it is that the moral theory of prohibition seeks to put into men's mouths. Instead of teaching

them to be men—self-poised, self-controlled, strong in grace and virtue and faith, "growing in the measure of every part" of the moral man, "compacted by that which every joint supplieth," it would keep them forever "as children," whom, lest they "be driven about by every wind of (evil) and cunning craftiness whereby (men) lie in wait to deceive," it would surround with an iron wall of external circumstance, so that they must be sober whether they will or not. This, indeed, is very far removed from the Scriptural conception of Christian manliness and virtue, which is "strong in the Lord and in the power of his might, (able to) withstand all the fiery darts of the wicked one, and, having done all, to stand." Such is your Christian soldier, who "endures hardness," and does not plead for extraneous assistance. According to the moral theory of prohibition there ought to have been a high fence around the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, so that Eve could not reach it. Consider how great misery such a prohibitive statute would have saved the race!

The point of objection, then, is clear. Whatever the benefits of prohibition as a civil measure may be, it is not to be urged by the Church and Christian morality as a remedy for moral ills. We may not teach society that prohibition is required by Christian morals. We may not teach the drunkard that his salvation from the curse of rum is to be found only in prohibition. We may not teach the youth that their best safeguard is to be made by prohibition. We may not teach the world that Christian virtue and manhood require any civil law for either their creation or their preservation. To do this is false to the principles of Christian truth, and is treason to the Lord. But in the predicament of doing just this very thing, this theory of prohibition stands, when urged as a moral precept and enforced with the sanctions of religion. Verily, not on such food as prohibition brings will men grow to the stature of moral manhood. Put your prohibitory enactments on the statute book, make them operative and successful, and then, whatever material benefits may accrue for a season, the world will have taken a step backward in true moral progress; and Christian doctrine and manhood, so far forth as they shall depend thereon, will have receded from their divine ideal.

3. For, in the next place, as a conclusion that is irresistible and a fact beyond denial, it follows that the acceptance by the Church and Christian morality of this moral theory of prohibition, as a necessary means for meeting and subduing moral evil, is a confession of failure and of hopeless weakness on the part of Christianity. Such

failure certainly has been charged by any number of advocates for temperance and prohibition, whose assaults upon the Church have been often more bitter and virulent than upon the rum power. The adoption by the Church of this modern shibboleth of so-called moral reform virtually confesses that this false charge is true. It goes to the root. It declares that Christian methods are too weak; that the Gospel is unequal to saving men from the sin of intemperance, however efficient it may be in coping with other forms of sin; that spiritual power must be supplemented by civil law in order to redeem the world; that the preacher of "righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come" must be attended by the constable, to give to at least one of his doctrines the desired effect. There is no evasion of this conclusion. It is so plain as to be self-evident. Instead of relying on God's spirit, this preacher of a moral prohibition puts his trust in fallible legislators. Instead of using spiritual influence, he resorts to the tricks and treacheries of politicians. Instead of holding up the pure law of God, he seeks to submit to "ordinances; touch not, taste not, handle not; after the doctrines and commandments of man," against which the Holy Ghost has expressly warned. Instead of educating to the stature of perfect manhood in Christ Jesus, he would bind men to soberness by a statute and keep them children for life. Both the method and result of such moral training are alike unchristian. "The weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds—and bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ." What the Church needs for the successful doing of her work in saving men from the sin of intemperance, as from all other sins, is not a prohibitory statute, but a soul-filling baptism of the Holy Ghost.

4. Still another objection to the theory of prohibition in its moral aspect is, that it is the unphilosophical and unbelieving language of impatience. "He that believeth shall not make haste." The world, under God's rule, is working out its salvation. A steady redemption is going on—slowly, you may say, if you please, and yet steadily. "Now is our salvation nearer than when we believed." Undoubtedly, this progress might have been more rapid, had the people of God been more faithful. To-day, were the Church thoroughly to arouse itself to exert all the spiritual energies which lie dormant within it, the godless world would be shaken as by an earthquake and the dawn of a sinless millennium begin to

appear. And yet the entire history of truth and the analogies of faith teach that moral reformation is both inward and gradual, and most emphatically, that it cannot be hastened by external statute. Now, the theory of prohibition grows impatient of this law of moral progress. Alarmed, horrified by the portentous character of the special form of evil which it seeks to combat, it proposes to destroy it at one blow, fondly and foolishly dreaming that such a blow is possible. It may be proper enough to cut a Gordian knot, when the knot is only a tangled mass of cords or thongs. But when it is made of thought and feeling, or impacted by immoral passion, there is no sword of human law that, to the satisfaction of morals or religion, is equal to the cutting. Such instrument may, indeed, if circumstances shall prove propitious, resolve a riddle for society, and minister to its general comfort and safety. But when you get to the real moral problem which in this question faces the Church and the moralist, you find something far more imperative and important than any external and social prosperity—a demand for moral reformation. That knot must be untied, by patient toil and love and faith and prayer. Prohibition is no answer to this moral problem, albeit the radical error made by prohibitionists is in constantly presenting it as an answer. If it is not meant as a moral remedy, it has no more propriety in the pulpit than a discussion of the tariff.

A notable illustration of the point in hand is found in the fact that the tide of so-called temperance effort of the present day sets so prevailingly toward prohibition. The vast majority of temperance speeches and sermons—forgetful that Christian temperance is self-control, and that for sobriety the moral law of abstinence is found in individual liberty—insist on the necessity of an enforced abstinence, not simply as a social expedient, but as a moral requirement. Moral suasion is derided and laid aside. Moral and spiritual forces are considered of no value. What is demanded is a statute and a policeman's club, to convert men out of hand! The Church might as well petition the legislature to abolish sin.

5. Once more, the valid objection lies against this moral theory of prohibition that it either goes too far or does not go far enough. If it is a true moral precept, it should be applied to the abatement of other moral evils than that of intemperance. Society, indeed, is at perfect liberty to single out the liquor traffic for either restraint or suppression, because of its social burdens and dangers. But the

question changes form when the moralist takes it up. In his hand it is held as a corrective, not simply of social burdens, but as well for moral wrong; while his more urgent argument is drawn from the wickedness and moral consequences of the evil he would suppress. Now—why should he apply the remedy only to the evil of the liquor question? The sin of intemperance is not the only sin growing out of the abuse of an innocent thing, in which multitudes go to do evil, and before which the Christian moralist sometimes stands appalled. There is, for example, the sin of impurity—the so-called "social evil." This represents a more heinous sin than drunkenness, because it degrades the mystery, and poisons the fountain, of life; and a more threatening evil, because the danger it brings is not violence, but moral and physical pollution. Better a drunken nation than one unchaste. It represents also, it is greatly to be feared, a wider spread of evil. Why not apply the moral theory of prohibition to this evil? Is it said, "There are laws against brothels and adultery"? That is true: and so are there laws against drunkenness, so that to this extent the two evils stand in equal condemnation. But the prohibitionist demands that, because intoxicants are abused by some men to drunkenness, therefore there shall be no intoxicants at all. To be consistent—if his theory is correct—he should also demand that, because the sexual instinct is abused by some to the extreme of impurity, therefore all union of the sexes shall be forbidden. This, of course, is absurd, and is almost blasphemy against that marriage which is "an holy ordinance of God and is honorable among all men." And yet the analogy is complete, the argument, in its moral force, irresistible. The absurdity and blasphemy lie with the prohibitionist, who would foist a temporary social expedient into the seat of Christian morals and make it a principle of morality binding on the conscience. For he would do well to remember—as all sound moralists and teachers must remember, if their doctrines are to bear scrutiny—that morality is general. Its principles are broad, and of equal application to all the subjects of its administration. If, for the sake of destroying one great moral evil, the result of a gigantic abuse, we adapt as a moral measure the abolition of its innocent instrument, then, the logic of truth and moral consistency compels us to apply the same rule of judgment and the same principle of prohibition to every moral evil that arises from the misuse of an innocent instrument. From this dilemma the prohibitionist has no escape save in the assertion that all use of intoxicants is sinful, an assertion

which, though made by some temperance advocates, is worthy only of the contempt deserved by any wretched makeshift.

But this is not the whole of it. If the prohibitionist may appeal to the State for a prohibitory enactment against liquor, on the ground of morals; if his argument for such action is, as generally we find it, drawn from the alleged sinfulness of the use or abuse of liquor, and not from the outward ills which society suffers from its abuse; then he admits a principle which, carried to its logical results, is destructive of both civil and religious liberty. If it is right in this case, it is right in any case to call upon the strong arm of the civil law to enforce a special view of morals or a particular tenet of religion. For such reasons is it objected that this moral theory of prohibition either goes too far or does not go far enough. If the principle is true, then should it sweep the fields of morals and religion. If the principle is false, then is it only a delusion and a snare.

The sum of it, then, is this, that as a remedy for the moral evil of intemperance prohibition is wanting in the first principles of true morality. Its advocacy on moral and religious grounds is pernicious to the last degree; oppressive to the conscience; restrictive of a true liberty of mind; dishonorable to the Christian idea of manhood; and discreditable to the Church that can write its name upon her banners. Prohibition is, or must be, a civil measure, sustained by civil reasons and looking to social ends. Notwithstanding its involvment in, and suggestion by, social conditions which display immoral aspects, it yet stands as a civil measure on the same level as the tariff law, and is as much out of place in the pulpit and church courts as a discussion of the fur-trade would be. Such exclusion, of course, does not bar out the discussion of intemperance or of all moral means for its removal. Intemperance is a sin loudly demanding the animadversions of the Church and her consecrated efforts for its reduction, in which she would have been more successful than she has been, but for those divisive counsels which have thrust so many obstacles in her path.

All this can be said—nay, has been said—with the deepest consciousness that the evil which prohibition seeks to suppress is enormous. No words can describe its baseness, its wretchedness, its tears and ruin. Nor is it to be wondered at that the sometime desperation born of a view of such evil should dispose one to catch at any instrument which holds out the promise of relief, or that every pos-

sible argument should be employed to further its beneficent design. We will not always criticise too closely the skiff which carries us over the rushing tide, or suspect too sharply the oar that impels it onward. So earnest and zealous are the special advocates of such measures that, even when criticism seems demanded, the critic hesitates, lest ardor may induce a total misunderstanding and misrepresentation. Let it, then, be fully stated, in conclusion, that it is not here contended that a prohibitory statute, as a civil measure, is either beyond the province of, or impolitic for, the State, or that for civil reasons it is not desirable. The discussion of that theme demands a different train of thought. Whether the State may, or should, so limit the liberty of the subject can but little affect the present contention, which with all possible earnestness denies the competence of either State or Church to formulate prohibition as a moral law. Be its outward benefits great or small, it is not to be forced upon the conscience, however it may gird about the external action of the citizen. Its adoption by the Christian or the Church as demanded by true morality involves a fundamental error. The moralist and Christian must be careful as to his moral arguments and his admissions in regard to the relations of the moral to the outward life, lest haply, while obtaining for a season a certain definite good, he may sacrifice that which is more precious and enduring; lest he may forge a weapon which, in other hands, shall shatter his dearest treasures.

SANFORD H. COBB.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE DUC DE BROGLIE.

THIS work is a true record of French history for over seventy years—three-quarters of the most eventful century through which France and Europe have passed, since the discovery of printing wrought its change in the intellectual habits of the civilized world.

The Duc de Broglie, born in 1785 and dying in 1869, lived, for more than threescore years and ten, in daily contact with the men and things that have produced the France of the present day. Born on the steps of the guillotine, when a boy of ten he was mentally several years in advance of his age. On the eve of his father's execution, a first impression was made upon Victor de Broglie which nothing in after life ever effaced. "My child," had been the father's farewell words, "never allow anything to obscure in your mind the sacred notion of Liberty." And impressions being all mighty in childhood, and indelible, he never once rebelled against the law which was then imprinted upon his nature. Courage was thus the first quality called forth, and its example was manifest to his eyes; but not the noisy, decorative sort of courage that was soon to become fashionable in France—no! the quiet, simple courage of the citizen, which teaches one to look everything steadily in the face, and, in perfect possession of self, to hold fast to public duty. There is nothing theatrical in M. de Broglie; but, with the courage to "endure and shrink not," a firm political faith was given him, of which he never once lost sight—the faith in the might of right; not only in the justice and holiness of freedom, but in its compelling power.

"I am writing *my* history," he states, almost at the outset (1813); "I am not writing 'history' or *for* history"; and, touching events of incontestable interest, this phrase constantly recurs: ". . . Of this fact I have nothing to tell, for I heard of it from others; *I cannot speak of what I did not see with my own eyes.*"

From first to last, this impossibility of swerving from absolute truth holds you captive; you cannot lay down the narrative, because the narrator is not as much recounting what he saw as recalling to you something of which you are already dimly conscious. The di-

rectness of impression produced upon the reader by every line of the book comes from the author's extraordinary capacity for retaining the impressions directly engraven on his own mind. The man of sixty who judges the *coups d'état* of Louis Napoleon does so from the impression of the inviolability of freedom borne in upon him by his father, under the shadow of the scaffold of 1794. There is the oneness, there the spell. Quietly, simply, he is forever faithful to the one behest, and no circumstance ever tempts him to question it.

To appreciate thoroughly the modern—we might almost say the "contemporary"—history of France, it must be divided into three periods: the Revolution (of 1789), the Empire, and the Restoration, of which 1830, 1848, 1851, and 1870—July Monarchy, February Insurrection, Second Empire, and Third Republic—are simply the immediate and unescapable *convolutions*. But to appreciate such apparently contradictory historical aspects, one must possess not only the rarest possible combination of personal qualities, but an extent of experience equally rare. Both meet in Duc Victor, and he fully knows their value, for he founds his claim to public interest on what he recognizes as his quite unusual gift of truth. He forestalls what must be the judgment of every reader by his own judgment on the merit of what he is relating, when in his *avant-propos* he says: "Whatever interest is awakened (if any may be) by this record of the divers circumstances of my life, it can only arise from its simplicity and sincerity; *Je serai vrai.*" And he explains his personal conception of truth and his mode of adherence to it in the following sentence:

"To be *truly true* the intention to be so is not sufficient; a thoroughly good and exact memory is also required; but, above all, must one be free from that terrible *French instinct* (*'l'instinct tout français'*) that leads to the desire of *making an effect* and of 'arranging' events pleasantly, when in reality they are 'arranged' otherwise. . . . In a word, my sole merit will be this: *'Je dirai: j'étais là, telle chose m'advint'*—it would perhaps be presumptuous in me to add to the reader: *Vous y croirez être vous-même.*"

The Broglies were, as is well known, of Piedmontese extraction. Duc Victor's mother was of Swedish descent, so that there was a notable admixture of freemen's blood in his veins, and he was to transmit it to his own offspring still purer, through his marriage with the daughter of Mme. de Staël. Sweden, Switzerland, and Piedmont! it would be hard to find surroundings more conducive to what is noblest in the doctrines of genuine Liberalism—a Liberalism

which counts Chatham and his son among its genuine votaries, far more than any of the autocratic anarchists who have within the last thirty years profaned its name.

In the young generation of 1784 the Prince de Broglie was one of the finest incipient reformers; and, with the idealism that characterized the *noblesse* of that period, he was carried away with Lafayette and Rochambeau to America, still full of the *Anglomanie* of the time, it is true, not "loving England less," but "freedom more." In later years Comte de Moutrond used to say: "*Que voulez-vous? Ils s'étaient engagés sous les béquilles de Lord Chatham!*"

On his return to France the Prince de Broglie soon became one of the foremost among those bearers of brilliant names who longed for active public life, and made every effort to attain it. He had remained professionally in the army, and achieved promotion. In 1789 he was chosen by the Order of Nobles of the Baillage of Colmar as their deputy to the *constituants*. When the Assemblée Constituante became the Assemblée Législative, M. de Broglie was named Staff Commandant of the Rhine Army, under the orders of Marshal Lückner. His own father, the Maréchal de Broglie, refused after this to hear his son's name mentioned. His brothers emigrated; but he remained in the country, returning thither of his own free will in 1793, after a short absence, during which he had placed his wife and children in temporary safety in London, and invariably refusing, during his frequent periods of imprisonment, the means of escape repeatedly offered him by persons who could insure their execution. At last he was arrested at Gray, his wife being thrown into a separate prison at Vesoul, and the children confided, as so often happened during that strange epoch, to domestic servants, who proved worthy of their trust. Mme. de Broglie found means of managing the linen department of her prison, was treated with a certain degree of leniency, and contrived to escape through the passes of the Jura Mountains to the Swiss frontier.

On the 27th of June, 1794, the Prince de Broglie was beheaded in Paris. Some few days before, his son had been taken to see him in his prison at Gray, and was immediately after conveyed back to St. Remy, a small estate left by his Swedish grandmother, Mme. de Rosen, to his mother, and there, with his sisters, he led a few months of bare existence in a home which consisted only of naked walls. At the "9 Thermidor" matters mended, and Mme. de Broglie was permitted to return to her family and inhabit St.

Remy in peace, the estate now being free from the decree of sequestration.

Duc Victor de Broglie affirms that he never knew, nor could ever discover, for what reason his father was condemned, or under what pretext even he had been arrested; it certainly was for no act of unfaithfulness to his grim masters, for he retained, unimpaired, his hope and belief in the future welfare of the nation; and, however Utopian might have been the political combinations to which he had vouchsafed the support of his name and energy, he held by them to the last.

At fifteen, when Bonaparte—imitating at once both Cromwell and Louis XIV.—swept away the Directoires on the "18 Brumaire," the boy was already a man of twenty or thirty in maturity of judgment; and, much as he instinctively abhors all violence or despotism, he is now among the few who deal fairly by this one initiatory act.

"No one who did not live at that time can form the faintest notion," says the Duc de Broglie, "of the utter state of discouragement into which France had fallen during the interval between the 18 Fructidor and the 18 Brumaire. The country was without hope. The frontiers threatened, the Reign of Terror revived, no longer as a frightful but temporary crisis, but as a mode of existence from which more violence was the only escape. The 18 Brumaire was a relief, there can be no doubt—but it was not the remedy required. There had never been a failure of *coups d'état* for the past ten years; what was needed was the definite act that should preclude all future violence; the steady, quiet vigor, the wisdom, the political genius that should make further State crimes useless."

Instead of this, as posterity has come to know, the 18 Brumaire was the mere starting-point for a career of fierce and selfish aggression, of rapacity and blood-guiltiness, such as the world had never known. And yet the Corsican Cæsar, reckless as he was to prove, seems almost to have hesitated on the verge of his fate—to have recoiled, as it were, from the shadow his coming misdeeds cast before him. Speaking with rare impartiality of the events of the day, our author states deliberately that "the four years following (from the 18 Brumaire to near the end of the Consulate) were, with the ten years of Henri IV., perhaps the best and noblest period of French history."

But the dream of peace, justice, and wisdom, that might have tempted a genuinely great man, was soon dispelled, and the fatal iniquities, the gratuitous onslaughts upon humanity, which marked every year of the First Empire, began their impious course, culminating in the final defeat of Waterloo, and pointing to the disasters of 1870, provoked by another Napoleon, as a retribution none too stern.

In that year Victor de Broglie, a recently appointed *Auditeur au Conseil d'État*, despatched on a mission to Vienna, where the modern Attila had enthroned himself, takes occasion to note in what disposition he found the most illustrious of Napoleon's captains:

"I met here a vast number of those I had known in Paris—generals, superior officers, etc. *All*—I must add the marshals and great personages I had seen at M. de Bassano's—were ardently longing for peace, but hardly daring to hope for it; and *all* cursed their master in undertones ('*maudissant tout bas leur maître*'), compared the present army with the army they had once known, and were full of the weightiest apprehensions for the future."

Victor de Broglie is so exclusively a spectator that, without any enthusiasm for victory and with small pity for defeat, he does what hardly any other writer has cared to do: he chronicles simply the feeble condition of the public mind, and the curious indifference with which, at the moment when they happened, the most monstrous iniquities were accepted by the most estimable persons. Two passages in the first volume are extremely remarkable on this point. In 1806, on attaining his twenty-first year, young Broglie was advised by his family to enter on the administrative career, and employ his talents in the civil service of his country. Devoted to the cause of freedom as he was, no one yet saw any reason why he should not serve the Empire.

"My uncle, the Bishop of Acqui," he observes, "undertook to speak to the emperor on the subject"; and he adds: "My uncle had been appointed Chief Almoner of the Imperial Household—and it is a singular proof of the extraordinary state of public opinion that no one felt the smallest surprise at his acceptance of the post, though he himself was a boldly independent character (as he showed in 1811), and though his whole family were just returning with him from emigration, and the murder of the Duc d'Enghien had just been perpetrated."

But another circumstance still more indicative of the universal acquiescence in what seemed the decrees of fate is that related by our author in 1809, when Rome suddenly received, as a "province of the Empire," a French *préfet!*

"My cousin, M. de Tournon, was all at once despatched to Rome as a *préfet*, and I have only to say that this appointment actually caused no astonishment whatever, nor seemed the least extraordinary either to Tournon himself or to any other living creature. The annexation of Rome to the Empire, the captivity of the Pope, appeared quite simple and really devoid of import to the people of that age —it must also be said that no excommunications of any sort touched them in the least, or in any degree troubled them in their administration of the patrimony of St. Peter! Indifference was the common feeling of every one."

After the hideous confusion and the frightful sufferings consequent upon the excesses of 1792–93, any strong arm to lean upon was a comfort; after the miserable weaknesses of the years between 1794 and 1798 anything in the shape of order was a respite; and when to this was added success almost miraculous out-of-doors, it is not to be wondered at if protection from attack, mere safety of life, limb, and purse, should have been considered sufficient ground for stability. From the legitimate form of the First Consulate, of which even M. de Broglie speaks so highly, to have drifted into the outward magnificence of the Empire could hardly have surprised a nation fashioned to despotism of more than one kind, and too glad to be persuaded that the horrors of the last decade were merely a dream, a nightmare. The universal acquiescence in the First Empire can be well conceived: it was believed in; it was the close of the Revolution; it was final, and it was to be accepted as the manifest work of Providence.

Another period of rule consented to by the nation was the so-called Constitutional Monarchy, founded, as was supposed, for all time by the Bourbons of the older branch. To this we shall return later, but let it be granted that in each case, if duration was offered to the country, and if the excesses of anarchy were apparently stopped by an iron hand, never to be renewed, the return to monarchy after the exterior excesses of the Empire had armed all Europe against it, was, after all, only a natural reversion to a régime which for over a thousand years had given name and significance to France. Each of these might be supposed definite, might be believed in, and faith in stability and duration took away from acquiescence in either case any element of political levity or slavishness. Except on these two occasions, no excuse is to be found for the complicity of the nation in crimes of violence and fraud; for its subserviency to governments in which it did not and could not believe—governments which were the gross imitations of what had once been thought necessary and real. Whether or not the present Republic corresponds to the deliberate choice and will of the French nation remains to be proved, but can only be so when two generations shall have ratified the contract, and a race of republican-minded men and women shall have sprung to life and attested the truth of the republican theory for France.

What is needed for a due comprehension of M. de Broglie's narrative of events between 1789 and Waterloo is to realize the motives

not only of popular submission to a conqueror's implacable sway, but of acquiescence in tyrannical deeds of the past by the *élite* of the nation, men who, both in themselves and by family tradition, were practically honest, conscientious, and independent gentlemen. The firm belief that a definite solution had been found for the incomparable horrors of the recent past can alone explain the acceptance of the First Empire by educated France. It did, as a matter of fact, so explain it, and for a few years it sufficed. In 1812, with the Russian campaign, came the terrible doubt which the unjustifiable invasion of Spain had failed largely to inspire—doubt of the master's sanity—and, with 1813, doubt of his power of retrieval—*of his luck.* The despair brought on by the first dawn of this new terror has seldom been sufficiently described, and by no one so thoroughly, because so simply, as by the Duc de Broglie.

He was a very young man even in 1815, and events were scarcely beginning to teach him the philosophy of history. He served the Empire, as did his compeers; did his duty on all occasions, and, however "hard" might be the "law," was persuaded that the stern period he with others was passing through, *was* the law enforced by fate upon his country. His career as a civil servant took him successively to most of the foreign localities where Napoleon had set up imperial satrapies; he was despatched to Vienna or to Switzerland, to Fiume or to Dresden; had to "organize" frontier villages in Croatia, or draw up reports upon military requisitions in Spain; but everywhere he felt the same unchanging conviction that he, as an individual, was of no account, but simply a small component part of a vast system, and that it was right that it should be so, seeing that upon this condition was anarchy trampled out, the right of civilization protected, and order restored.

The reversion to what had been overthrown by the Revolution seemed so necessary, that the recall of the Bourbons originated, as every one knows, with a politician who was no sentimentalist and no dreamer, but the hardest-headed and most practical of statesmen. Prince Talleyrand, the sometime Bishop of Autun, assuredly had no cause to feel any sympathy for the ex-royal family, or the slightest tendency toward toleration of their innumerable mistakes. But the revival of a sense of security and stability was, as it always must be, the only immediate antidote to the revolutionary spirit; it had to be aimed at, therefore, first of all. The reversion to monarchy presented itself consequently to the mind of

M. de Talleyrand, who knew his countrymen well, as simply inevitable. He felt that a principle must be set up; that upon the overthrow of the imperial fact no other mere fact could avail, and that the past only could afford ground for a practical hope for the future. The Czar, who had gone high and far with Mme. Krüdner and "the angels" on the road to modern mysticism, was astonished when he was called upon to sanction the return to France of the race which was supposed to have been finally swept away. However, Prince Talleyrand had a right to enforce his views in the case of his own country on the sovereigns who had vanquished Napoleon, and they consented; the remnant of what had been the narrowest-minded, most arrogant royalty upon earth was recalled, and the great-grandsons of Louis XIV. and Louis XV. (alas!) came back to govern France.

When one reflects what the frivolity and selfishness, the betrayal of public trust, the sins of commission and omission of the Bourbons had been since the advent of Louis XIV., and when one thinks of the victories with which Napoleon had glutted so vain and ignorant a people as the French, and the spoils he had brought home to them, one can hardly measure, at first, the evil of those deeds of his which reconciled such a community to such successors. But Napoleon had lost the sense of what is due to humanity, and humanity had to be avenged. The man who quietly said to M. de Narbonne, when referring to the unpopularity of the Russian campaign: "Why, after all, what did it cost me? *Not more than three hundred thousand men, and among those a good many were Germans!*"—this man had to be set aside by human law, and, as was quickly shown, he was set aside too leniently.

But at first all was confusion and surprise; none, whether of vanquishers or vanquished, took in completely either their own or their adversaries' achievements. All was too sudden and too enormous, too far beyond the calculations of ordinary men—for most ordinary men they were. They did what they could, and when, on the 31st of March, 1814, they were masters of Paris, and two days later had installed the *branche aînée* in what they were pleased to denominate "power," they none of them guessed what a sadly incomplete task they had fulfilled. Not even Prince Talleyrand realized the flimsiness of the work that he had helped to do.

The moral confusion was such, and so complete on all sides, that it is not too much to say that when, eleven months after, Napoleon

took his eagle flight from "Elba to Nôtre Dame," he was perhaps the only individual in all Europe who behaved logically, for he, at all events, was acting according to the logic of his own fabulous past. All the others were really and truly what is vulgarly expressed as being "out of themselves." If they meant anything, they did not know what they meant, whilst the soldier who had beaten the world in the game of war, and took only war into account, set out to do it again, and, judging by the light of his own former achievements, did not see what was to prevent him. He meant what he did, and was brought to a standstill when he saw that not war, but modern progress, was what confronted him. Of this, of modern progress, he had had as yet no time to learn the workings. It was not so much the principle of hereditary monarchy that seemed the guarantee accepted by the nation against himself (he had seen that destroyed by the Revolution), but it was the authority of words, of ideas, of law upheld by speech, of a civilian régime, invented, enforced by a tribe of *bourgeois* and by those miserable *idéologues* whom he so hated with all his might.

He had often alluded to *Le Corps Législatif* as a last card, if any untoward event should happen to him; but it was as a subject for future consideration, and always with the underlying notion that no assembly of men existed that might not in the end be dragooned into submission. But now, there it was, the obstacle, and he was dismayed at his own impotence. M. de Broglie's description of Napoleon's return to the Tuileries is one of the most striking passages of the *Souvenirs*. After recounting the departure of the king and his court, he says:

"The king's departure was followed immediately by the emperor's arrival; the one was allowed to go, the other allowed to return, and of these two days the second was the sadder. Paris presented a dreary aspect, with its public places of resort all closed, and the stragglers in the streets avoiding meeting as they passed. Everywhere the military element: officers tipsy, soldiers drunk, singing and shouting the 'Marseillaise,' that eternal refrain of the unruly, and forcing at the sabre's point, on nearly every one they met, a tricolor cockade, with an air anything but reverential. . . . But when night closed in, the master came himself; and, if ever the words of the Gospel were true, they were so then: '*He came like a thief in the night.*' He climbed the grand staircase of the Tuileries, surrounded by his generals, his late ministers, and the crowd of his servants, past and present, and on every face was to be read more anxiety than rejoicing."

Royalty itself was on the morrow rolled away *in toto*, and the

death-rattle of the doomed Empire set in, enduring through those wretched hundred days that were brought to a close at Waterloo.

II.

In 1815 things wore a different aspect. The wild panic was ended; the arch-disturber was caught and disposed of, sent to his ocean rock "*sous bonne garde*"; at last the *raison d'être* of the Restoration was generally understood, and it was hoped that a régime was established that might endure.

The restored Monarchy was believed in—nay, more; had Louis XVIII. lived but ten years longer, it might have endured, and paved the way for such institutions as would have been worth preserving; it might have been strong enough, popular enough, to bear reforms and not provoke revolutions. For once the French had time to test the merits of a Government, to weigh them against its demerits, and they waited with not too much impatience, making, to a certain degree, "the best" of things—at all events not making, according to their usual custom, the "worst." But the Restoration did not begin well. Nor could it. A large infusion of the *émigré* spirit was necessary at the outset; but it was accompanied by what was much more mischievous—the spirit of the Bonapartists of the Revolution, such as Fouché, who would have paid any price to belong to the ranks of the genuine *émigrés*, and to whom the only road to social toleration lay in the vilest subservience to the rancor and vindictiveness of the *ci-devants*. Prince Talleyrand supported him, and the *Terreur blanche* began the series of its acts of repressive violence. But the "finality" theory was again worked, and, even as they had borne the sanguinary aggressions of the Empire, honest men bore the tyranny of the restored Monarchy—and Church—because "*Le Trône et l'Autel*" were reputed to be the magic words by which alone the demon of evil could be exorcised. As a matter of fact, it was a period of lawlessness, for every condemnation, whether military or civil, was obtained by extra-legal means; as in the days of Torquemada, in Spain, the victims were supposed to be comforted by the assurance that the Church was their executioner, and that it was all for the undoubted good of their souls! *Coup d'état* followed *coup d'état*. Proscription on proscription took place, but it was thought not too terrible a price to pay for the continuance in power of two such "great men" as Talleyrand and the ex-Police Minister Duc

d'Otrante. This was accepted as a dogma. The Talleyrand-Fouché Ministry * was a pledge of safety, and the only pledge. The intelligent and liberal-minded men, of the kind of the Broglies, Laines, Molés, and others, were assured that only such stern measures as those resorted to could control the thirst for reprisals of the *ultra-Royalists!* and thus, as almost always, the name of Liberty was made the pretext for deeds of violence.

"*Tout ceci m'etait odieux*," writes M. de Broglie; but for him, personally, there was worse in store. As the representative of the elder line of his family, he had, in 1815, become a Peer of France, succeeding to his grandfather's honors; and having completed his thirtieth year, he was obliged, on the 4th of December, to take his seat as one of the judges of the unfortunate Marshal Ney! Meantime he had married Mlle. de Staël, had become, at Coppet, under her mother's guidance, and in the midst of souvenirs of all the Necker family, something very like an ardent Swiss citizen; and in the intimacy of the illustrious Englishmen who thronged around Corinne, was already plunging, "with passionate enthusiasm," as he himself expresses it, into the study of English constitutional history, which charmed and absorbed him to the later period of his life. Till the close of 1816, the little *Société d'élite*, that had its life-centre at Coppet, took in reality a deeper interest in Swiss and British politics than in French, and Victor de Broglie played, unofficially, an active part in the ranks of opposition at Geneva, while the so-called *Contre-Révolution* was doing its utmost to make everything impossible in France.

Nothing can be more interesting than, by the light of recent events, to study M. de Broglie's appreciation of parties in France on the eve of what was to develop into a settled and regular state of things. Hesitating to secede from a party to which such solemn sacrifices bound him, he yet cannot blind himself to its defects.

"It was here that nothing had been learned, nothing forgotten. I could not refrain each day from feeling that there could be no link between us; their inspirations were petty, narrow, *routinier*, and—without any bad intentions—they never raised themselves out of the cramping revolutionary groove. They thought it a fine thing to resuscitate the pretensions, the jargon, and the *grands airs* of the assemblies of former days. In all this nothing could in any way suit me; I was then, what I have never ceased to be, an 'orderly innovator' ('*un novateur dans l'or-*

* "I wish I could hear what those two *lambs* say when they are together!" exclaimed one day Pozzo di Borgo, on seeing the two ministers enter the same carriage.

dre'), devoid of all regret for the past, for any past whatever, and steadily aspiring to the future. *'Pour l'avenir!'* is the device of my character as of my race, and even now, spite of all our reverses and disappointments, I find it difficult to fight against hope. . . . Nevertheless, the more I studied the *constitutive* governments of Great Britain and the United States, the more I became convinced that I could not continue to act with the party that laid claim to the exclusive name of *Liberal*."

It was at this juncture that the group, which for the next quarter of a century played so prominent a part in France, first appeared; the Doctrinaires were the outcome of the opposition of the two opposing parties, the Royalists and the Liberals. Their first chiefs were Royer-Collard, M. de Serre, Camille Jordan, M. Guizot, and M. de Barante. It was to them that M. de Broglie attached himself in the end, "it being impossible," as he states, "to support a Government whose tendency was every day more retrograde." This party of "justice and ponderation," as it claimed to be, had its origin in mere political warfare. It was so truly the reign of *La Politique abstraite*, that, in the fierce conflicts of parties from 1816 to 1829, it may be affirmed that the material interests, the economic conditions of the country, were entirely disregarded.

The young Duc de Broglie could hardly escape becoming a leader of the "Moderates," for, while inheriting the position of his own family in the Chamber of Peers, he was universally regarded as succeeding to the political influence, and as representing the wisely and generously Liberal opinions of Mme. de Staël.

III.

According to M. de Broglie, during the twelve years that elapsed between the end of 1817 and the beginning of 1830, three distinct political phases are to be observed: from 1818 to 1822, the hearty desire of all honest men on both sides was to reconcile the Revolution with the Restoration, to make peace between the *ancien régime* and modern France; this being very incompletely accomplished, the aim of all far-seeing lovers of their country from 1822 to 1827 was that resistance to the ever-increasing ascendency of the *Contre-Révolutions*, which is now styled "*la Réaction*." The last period—from 1827 to 1830—witnessed the vain attempts to modify alternately the passionate zeal of either party, and the opening of the first breach in what had been before regarded in France as "*constituted society*." The sufferers by the July Revolution were quite as unconscious as were the

actors of what had really been done; but the movement was as much a social as a political one, as is seen in its ulterior consequences.

The Session of 1818 opened by a victory for the Doctrinaires. M. de Serre was elected President of the Chamber, and his first essay in Parliamentary tactics was to reform the Rules of the House. But the spirit of the Revolution was here too strong for him. The practices of the Assembly reverted to the usage of 1789, and it remains only to note that the first French statesman who desired under the restored Monarchy to introduce Senate regulations into France was an *émigré*, a soldier of the army of Condé, a mere provincial magistrate, but one whose instinct for the public good led him to reach that which escaped his more experienced colleagues. We shall have more to say of M. de Serre, whose part in the first years of the Restoration was, at one time, a very distinguished one; a part too little familiar to the student of political history abroad, but worthy of all attention in connection with the Doctrinaires, and, above all, with Duc Victor de Broglie. As usual, where the mode of election became an object of public speculation, the project of electoral reform soon absorbed the national mind. The Electoral Law had been reputed the chef-d'œuvre of the Doctrinaires, but under the influence of a few Liberal nominations (Manuel, Benjamin Constant, etc.), the Duc de Richelieu had pointed out certain measures of reform. Against this, the men of the Doctrinaire group rebelled, and one only has acknowledged that in this they were wrong:

". . . Should these pages fall into the hands of my political friends," writes M. de Broglie, "I shall surely provoke their ill-will; should our adversaries read them, their satisfaction will be great: but truth must be spoken before all. I look upon the conduct of the Liberal Party, and of those who, in it, were most capable and most honest—I look upon our conduct touching the support of the Electoral Law, and the consequent defeat of the Richelieu Ministry, as an indefensible fault.

"All things considered, such a king, such a prime minister, such a minister even, we ought to have preserved as the apple of our eye! . . . We ought to have been lenient to their weaknesses, and have won them over to our creeds. . . . It is true we knew but little in 1819, but I maintain that we knew enough to make our conduct inexcusable in sacrificing the Richelieu Ministry to the desire to uphold the Electoral Law."

These early years of the Restoration are marked by stirring and dramatic events, both at home and abroad, following in quick succession, and in which both Duc Victor and his beautiful and universally beloved wife took a prominent part. The murder of the Duc de Berry, the risings in Italy, the disturbances in Spain, the

Congress of Verona (and the treacheries of M. de Châteaubriand), the arrest of Manuel, the warnings of Royer-Collard, General Froy, and the Duc de Broglie himself; the Spanish war, the insurrections in Greece, and the death of Louis XVIII., all these events tread quickly on each other's heels. The assassination of the unfortunate Duc de Berry by Louvel was the starting-point for the worst excesses of the ultra-Royalists, the usurpations of the clergy, and the violent denunciations of the Left. The Doctrinaires stood their ground, and manfully fought the battle of true patriotism, the struggle for justice and peace. It is here that we learn to know Mme. de Broglie, and to understand the indelible impression she has left on the hearts of all who ever approached her. From 1818 till 1824, from the moment when her husband actively entered on public life, he completes his own statements by recurrence to her diaries. It is the very romance of politics; and the fervor of conviction, the oneness of aim, the faith of each character in the other, yet the deference of each to the other's individuality, form one of the most admirable pictures of public duty served by mutual love that any period of history presents.

Mme. de Broglie was of the stuff of which the Portias and Rachel Russells are made; of those for whom thoughts are words and unspoken engagements law. She could neither depart from the true, nor descend from the ideal; and if ever a doubt could have existed of the loftiness of nature of Mme. de Staël, it would be dispelled in view of the mental and moral worth she transmitted to her daughter. Mme. de Broglie proved her mother's nobility of mind. Through the mist of more than half a century her spirit shines out over the page on which she traced the record of her life; and, as you read, you have a sensation as of sunlight, warm, bright, and softly strong. Her divination of the real, the hidden, natures of others is sometimes startling, and belongs to the peculiar gifts popularly attributed to those who are destined to die young.

The word "romance of politics" is the proper one, but it was not round the death-bed of the Duc de Berry alone that the tragic element was to be noted. The circumstances of the catastrophe have been too often recounted to make repetition needful. We can hear from a hundred chronicles, and even from still existing witnesses, the mixed horrors of that night when through each opening door the sounds of revelry broke upon the ears of the dying prince. "Truly a scene from Shakspere!" writes Mme. de Broglie. But beyond that sphere of misery and crime another tragedy is enacted, less historical,

but not less full of anguish, nor perhaps less pregnant with political import: this is the severance of the real Liberals from the Royalist-Liberals, whose weakness and cowardice were to destroy the last hopes of the statesmen who, in their patriotic singleness of heart, had dreamed of the possible union of the old and the new régime This drama was enacted in the home of Mme. de Broglie, and is indeed a soul's tragedy.

"I know how deeply you grieve over my loss!" said in solemn accents M. de Serre to Mme. de Broglie. "I grieve," replied she, "that you should lose yourself for such a cause—a cause you can never defend save by calumny and violence."

The position was the following: after the overthrow of the Richelieu Cabinet in 1818–19, upon the reform of the Electoral Laws, the groups of the Doctrinaires were virtually supporters of what was till then a Liberal Ministry with the Duc Decazes. Upon the death of the Duc de Berry, the alarm of the Royalists knowing no bounds, the weakest, most fatal measures of repression were forced upon the Government. To the House of Peers (on the 14th of February) they proposed the suppression of all free expression of thought by a Law of Censure; and to the *Chambre* the suspension of personal liberty; at the same time that the Ultras clamored for the accusation of M. Decazes as an accomplice in the assassination of the prince!

The Doctrinaires felt themselves placed between dishonor and retirement. Mme. de Broglie instantaneously wrote to M. de Serre, saying that he would, "of course," resign. But her noble confidence was ill requited. M. de Serre was frightened, and though he did resign later, on the advent of the second Richelieu Ministry and the dismissal of M. Decazes, he resolved to support the Government in its worst and most imprudent acts, and proved himself unworthy of the friends who had valued him so highly.

". . . M. de Serre supports the new laws," notes Mme. de Broglie. "This is the greatest public grief that could befall me. I had looked upon him as Victor's other self! I put him beside Victor in conscientiousness and truth, and he, too, is about to fail, to be lost! (*'Lui aussi va se perdre!'*) He is ill, too, dying, it is said. . . . He tries to think he is obeying his conscience! . . . Victor has seen him; he is frightfully changed. . . . Alas! he does not attempt to justify the new laws, but says the present state of things must be made to last. . . . He suffers cruelly, and told M. Guizot so; saying, *'J'en mourrai! . . .'*"

When all had apparently failed, and the chief most relied upon

had not dared to remain equal to himself, the Duchesse de Broglie resolved to make a last effort: she had been the loftiest inspirer of the small band of patriot statesmen—the star to which all had looked up with reverence. To sink in her esteem was considered the last misfortune.

"... I have just seen M. de Serre," she writes; "we have talked for two hours. ... My emotion was extreme; he is certainly ill, but tries to justify his conduct. ... 'I once hoped,' he said, 'to establish freedom in this country; in your husband alone I found utter disinterestedness, and the love of good for its own sake! ... I have done my best ... but the triumph of the *Gauche* would be destruction; the only *expedients* left are these new laws.' 'But,' said I, 'do you think a man can ever *do good by betraying his own conscience in upholding what he knows to be wrong?*'"

To the everlasting credit of the epoch be it noted, that although Duc Victor and his wife were, in their time, the object of the utmost and most reverential admiration, they aroused no astonishment, were not set apart from their fellows as curious exceptions, nor inspired the kind of awe which is mingled with a positive degree of discomfort. No; the sphere they moved in, the men who surrounded them, found them congenial. They were "comprehended of their time," and let what will be said of France later, it is to the eternal honor of the French nation to have given birth to the small band of choice spirits of the period we are alluding to, and to have regarded them as no more than ordinary mortals. It helped to prove—the one necessary lesson for our present generation—that the "game of politics," when played with the passion of self-sacrifice, is, as Arnold thought, the grandest of all occupations for the human kind. But the devotion to high aims must be entire; suffering must be borne, and death not shunned.

The leaders of the time when Victor de Broglie was young were men of this stamp—whole-hearted in their work; and the consequence was a genuine superiority in Parliamentary eloquence that has never been attained by them since. Nothing in the last days of Rome can surpass the foreign policy debates after the Congress of Verona in 1823, on the eve of the Spanish War, when Royer-Collard took up his inevitable position as leader of the then independent *Centre Gauche*. He may be said to have, in those debates, inaugurated a new style of political eloquence; for, though concise to a fault, he dealt his sledge-hammer blows with perfect regard to fitness of expression. His success founded the *Centre Gauche*, and it was the success of pure patriotic conviction.

And to the existence of this dignified liberty of utterance during the reign of Louis XVIII. M. de Broglie gives his testimony also, in the following very remarkable passage:

"If I recall these fragments of a discourse long ago forgotten, it is not for the sake of *what I said, but for the fact that I could say it.* I think it is well I should show how far a speaker could go, not only under the Restoration, but under the full tide of Royalist reaction, in a chamber composed almost entirely of *émigrés*, court dignitaries, and ecclesiastics."

It was on this occasion that M. de Broglie spoke the famous words so often quoted, and which have smouldered beneath all the volcanic eruptions that have burst forth since:

"And when the outrage you contemplate shall have been consummated, when all liberties lie prone, what then? What will be the picture shown us by the Continent of Europe? Spain held in military occupation by France; Italy, by Austria; France herself compelled by all the allies in arms; Germany compelled by Russia. Everywhere the brutality of military rule; everywhere oppression and the despotism of the sword!"

How miserably true was the prediction, all Europe was unfortunately condemned to know; and the last chance for stable government in France was lost with the rupture of peace and the death of the king. In the autumn of 1824 Louis XVIII. died, "leaving," to repeat M. de Broglie's words, "all thinking men in the utmost anxiety, and all so-called *good Royalists* in the joy of their souls."

From 1824 to 1830 M. de Broglie tells the decline of what might have been so fruitful—the most melancholy task that a historian can discharge. And yet, the consciousness of how easy would have been the triumph over all obstacles, how rich were the materials at hand, how much perversity, in short, had to be brought into play to thwart the good-will of fortune—this consciousness encourages and inspirits him in his narration until the advent of the Martignac Ministry, in 1827, gave the French public what appeared a reasonable ground for hope. There still endured that respect for freedom of speech which Duc Victor so emphatically acknowledges during the reign of the late sovereign, and that both court and king and church and *ultras* of all kinds could "take a beating" fairly, was a strong test of political vitality. But with 1830 and the July Monarchy everything changes, everything is overthrown, for nothing remains that can be respected or believed in. The roots are torn up; none are left whence a fresh growth may spring; there is no obvious *raison d'être* for any Government. Henceforth all may or

may not be. All governments are accidental. Why should any be defended? there comes the supreme question. What form of government is so necessary to the common weal that a good citizen should sacrifice himself to its duration?

In truth, the Revolution of July promised no more stability than the Second Empire, planted arbitrarily by the violence of the *coup d'état* of 1851. It is not without importance that other nations should learn this. It accounts for what otherwise must appear unaccountable. The men who were the most prominent actors in the so-called "three glorious days" of 1830 knew nothing of what they did, nor did they particularly care. Vain men like M. Guizot, bustling men like M. Thiers, may have supposed that such a régime could last, but it served their purpose, and made ministers (it could not make statesmen) of them. M. de Lafayette served it as a sort of figurehead before Louis Philippe replaced him, and because it was not in him to resist the allurement of popular orations. The masses, as far as they meant anything, meant the Republic, and the Republic meant the reëstablishment of the *Garde Nationale*, stupidly dissolved by Charles X. on the inconceivably stupid advice of M. de Villèle. The whole was an *escamotage*, and when success came, the successful were as much taken aback as the defeated. Among the victors, each reproached the other with foul play. The "Legitimists" accused Louis Philippe of having deprived the Duc de Bordeaux of his birthright and France of a constitutional monarchy, nor has any one ever cleared him of this accusation. The Republicans accused him of having cheated the nation, and adduced, as a proof, the uncontrollable reversion of the masses to the Republican form, the moment they ever were free to act; he and Lafayette both thoroughly knew that the country's aim was the Republic, and their cheatery was wittingly carried out. The First Empire put down anarchy, and seized France with a strong hand, with the undoubted consent of the people; the elder Bourbons were brought back to save France from the horrors of war —but neither stole a crown.

IV.

Practically, the living interest of these *Souvenirs* ceases with the overthrow of the restored Monarchy. After the dismissal by Charles X. of the Martignac Ministry, the reader follows what is a hopeless endeavor to ward off a catastrophe. It is the catastrophe

that is in the natural order of things, and escape from it seems impossible; and yet, the "hope against hope" is strong, and the brave spirits that had so earnestly fought for liberty and order, and for the establishment of a healthy constitutional Government for the past fifteen years, could not, and would not, give up to despair.

That they were not as wise as they were sincere and honest, M. de Broglie is the first to chronicle. In their conviction that the blind bigotry of king and court must of necessity stop short of certain limits, they failed to calculate the relative benefits they might have secured. As a matter of fact, they made the duration of the Martignac Ministry impossible by their stiff-necked opposition upon a question of mere precedence of form. They were persuaded that priority of debate ought to be accorded to the bill for reforming the departmental councils over the bill for municipal reforms, both of which introduced the elective principle into French administrative legislation. They may have been right technically, but they took too little heed of the dangers they incurred, and of the wish of the Ultras that they should make some mistake of this kind.

It was clear from the first hour of the new reign that modern thought was the enemy to be overcome; and that whatever could conduce to the formation and expression of public opinion had to be put down. The famous *ordonnances* were not the sole cause of the July Revolution; had they stood alone, nothing so radical would have ensued; but they were the crowning act of a long series of attacks incessantly directed against what had become one of the chief conquests of modern life—against publicity.

With the exception of some few unimportant individuals, the court of the elder Bourbons, even under Charles X., was not fanatical; all those who had gone through the various phases of the Revolution and the First Empire were tinged with a sort of philosophy and a feeling of the "*laissez-vivre—laissez-faire*" description, which made them incomparably more tolerant than their descendants of the present day. But what seemed to them intolerable, and what they refused to admit, was discussion: the unmeasured and public discussion of themselves, of their merits and demerits, of why they were, whence they came, and what was the reason of their predominance? They rebelled against the notion that judgment should be passed upon them by the public, by the "vile multitude," as Thiers expressed it, thirty years later. This meant in reality war against the press; and this was the true meaning of the unceas-

ing fight that was fought from 1825 to 1830, and ended in the advent of the Orleans dynasty. It was the fight against public opinion; against the right to thwart the king, for it is in France always a question of the individual king—*le Roi*—not of the crown, as an abstract power and equal component part of the "Estates of the Realm." This is proved by the famous *Address* of March, 1830—known by the name of "*l'Adresse des* 221" (from the number of the majority that voted it). This was the turning-point; till then, there was a kind of attempt to disguise; each side knew what the other was driving at, but they tried to look as if they did not know, and employed feints and stratagems which deceived no one. The *Address* laid the cards on the table and showed the hand. The word was uttered from which there could be no receding:

"The intervention of the country in the deliberations held on the public interests is consecrated by the charter."

Three months later the elder Bourbons were swept away into exile, and the younger (Orleans) branch provided a makeshift king for a kingdom which was to the end imperfectly defined.

The impression left on the mind of the common crowd that the fall of legitimate royalty in France was due to a *coup d'état* against newspapers, which newspaper editors and writers resented, thus causing successful *émeutes* that swelled into a revolution—this impression is a wholly erroneous one. It was in the first battle for the new principle of modern life that legitimate royalty fell. The stake was the unlimited right of public opinion publicly expressed; the right to judge, to pass sentence, to condemn.

It was granted that "1830" had achieved freedom of speech, freedom of thought, unrestrained. It was the victory of public opinion, and the public expression of it was to know no bounds. Everybody was to be at liberty to say, write, and publish everything. Therefore in 1848 was "publicity" let loose upon society, and a press-rule established such as the world never saw before. Newspapers pattered down like hail upon the community, and from this period begins the downfall of the high-class literature for which France had been famed throughout three centuries. As soon as the masses were persuaded of the possession of rule by the mere fact of superiority of numbers, they clamored no longer for "publicity." What was publicity to them? What the expression of public thought? They had no thoughts to express. They reigned by weight, and had

come to the Irishman's defiance: "Stand up till I fall upon ye!" It was then that France came to the silent reign of the brute, and this reign lasted till the war of 1870.

The first impression produced by these *Souvenirs* remains to the last. M. de Broglie seems, as you read, to present the phenomenon of a man who has lived both before and after his own time. You never with him lose sight of the completeness of things, never look upon the mere "event" as upon an explanation or a criticism. And the character of the writer is as captivating and as satisfactory as the book; it would be impossible to attribute it to any one else. It is his life that expresses itself through every page and every line, and it is the love of life in him that constitutes its charm.

"*J'aime la vie*," he says in his introductory chapter (Vol. I., p. iii.), "*J'aime la vie et la culture*. In childhood," he continues, "I enjoyed life, and enjoyed it also through youth and riper age. I enjoy it now in advanced years with deepest gratitude; I regret nothing that time has deprived me of; for my firm belief is, that in living long we gain far more than we lose—for *if we live with our time, as the outward man decays by degrees, the inward man is renewed.*"

This constant "*renewal of life*" spreads a serenity over the entire work that makes it superior to any other of its kind. It contains the highest of all lessons to the discontented and querulous "pessimists" of our day, for it is the record of a man whose love of life is righteously joyful, and who accepts it as a treasure given in trust to be transmitted with increase of value to those who come after.

MME. BLAZE DE BURY.

THE VICISSITUDES OF A PALACE.

In the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and thirty-two, when Dickens was a short-hand reporter in the House of Commons, and Thackeray an art student seeking employment for his pencil or his pen; when Scott was vainly nerving his paralyzed hand to grasp the wizard's wand once more, and Lamb was writing his *Last Essays of Elia;* when Coleridge was uttering his oracles in the garden at Highgate, and Carlyle was wrestling with poverty and the devil at Craigenputtock; when Macaulay and Jeffrey were in Parliament, Landor in Italy, holding imaginary conversations with the spirits of the mighty dead, and Wordsworth at Rydal Mount, reclining upon the dry laurels of his Ecclesiastical Sonnets; when Leigh Hunt's poems had been collected and published by private subscription, and "Barry Cornwall's" songs had reached their second edition—in this somewhat barren and uncertain interval of English literature, the poetical reputation of Mr. Alfred Tennyson, undergraduate of the University of Cambridge, was trembling in the balance of Criticism.

Criticism with a large C, you will please to observe; for the day of their mighty Highnesses, the Reviewers, was not yet past. Seated upon their lofty thrones in London and Edinburgh, they weighed the pretensions of all new-comers into their realms with severity if not with impartiality, and measured out praise and blame with a royal hand. Nowadays the aspiring author receives a sort of homœopathic treatment, small doses and much diluted, in many "book notices"—little things which, if they are unfavorable, hardly hurt more than pin-pricks, and if they are favorable, hardly help more than gentle pats upon the head. But in those ruder times it was either the accolade or decapitation. Few years had passed since one young poet had been literally slain by a review article, and though the terrible Gifford had done his last book, there were other men, like Wilson and Croker and Lockhart, who understood the art of speedy despatch. *Blackwood* and the *Quarterly* still clothed themselves with Olympian thunder,

> "And that two-handed engine at their door,
> Stood ready to smite once and smite no more."

Against their tyrannical sway some few daring spirits ventured to set up standards of revolt; the *Westminster Review*, Leigh Hunt's *Tatler*, the *Athenæum*, and the short-lived *Englishman's Magazine*, these and others were organs of the new school, and at their hands the writer who had endured scorn and buffeting from the conservatives might hope to receive a warm defence. Between these two hostile forces Mr. Alfred Tennyson had made his appearance in 1830 with a slim volume of *Poems, chiefly Lyrical.* The *Westminster* hailed him with discretion as a true poet. Leigh Hunt praised the longest of the poems as one which "Crashaw might have written in a moment of scepticism had he possessed vigor enough." Arthur Hallam—bright, prophetic soul—presented his friend to the world as "one of the faithful Islâm, a poet in the truest and highest sense." Then came the counterblast. "Christopher North," hardest of all hard hitters, took up the new poet in *Blackwood*, and administered severe castigation. Mingling a little condescending encouragement with his blame, and holding out the hope that if "Alfred" would only reform his style and get rid of his Cockney admirers he might some day accomplish something, the stern magister sets to work in the mean time to demolish the dainty lyrics. Drivel, and more dismal drivel, and even more dismal drivel, is what he calls them; and in concluding his remarks upon "The Owl" he says: "Alfred is the greatest owl; all he wants is to be shot, stuffed, and stuck in a glass case, to be made immortal in a museum."

Boom! said the cannon. Off with his head! Or, at least, let him keep it out of sight until he has changed the cut of his hair and put himself into a shape which is acceptable to the authorities. He has failed in his first attempt; but something is to be forgiven to his youth. Now he is on trial. Alfred, beware!

Six months after this, in December, 1832, Mr. Tennyson put forth his second volume. One hundred and sixty-three pages, thirty poems. I hold the rare little book in my hand now, with Barry Cornwall's autograph on the title-page and his pencil marks running all along the margins.

It was evident at once that the poet had not changed his tune at the command of the reviewer. Deeper and stronger were his notes, more manly and of a wider range; but there were still the same delicacy of imagination, the same lyrical freedom, the same exquisite and unconventional choice of words, and the same peculiar blending of the classic and the romantic, which have become

so familiar that we can hardly realize how fresh and strange they must have seemed to the readers of half a century ago. It was clear that this young man was moving along the same path in which Keats had begun to tread, and might go beyond him, might become to a certain extent the founder of a new school of English poetry. He must be dealt with mildly but firmly. And this time it was not "rusty Christopher," but a more dangerous critic, who undertook the task. Lockhart, the editor of the *Quarterly*, sometimes called the "scorpion," because of a certain peculiarity in the latter end of his articles, has generally been credited with the authorship of the review of Tennyson's poems which was published in July, 1833.

It is conceived in a spirit of ironical praise. The reviewer begins with an apology for never having seen Mr. Tennyson's first volume, and proposes to repair his unintentional neglect by introducing to the admiration of sequestered readers "a new prodigy of genius, another and a brighter star of that galaxy or *milky way* of poetry of which the lamented Keats was the harbinger." He proceeds to offer what he calls "a tribute of unmingled approbation," and, selecting a few specimens of Mr. Tennyson's singular genius, "to point out now and then the peculiar brilliancy of some of the gems that irradiate his poetical crown." This means, in plain words, to hold up the whole performance to ridicule by commending its weakest points in extravagant mock-laudation, and passing over its best points in silence. A method more exasperating and unfair can hardly be imagined; and the worst of it was that the critic's keenness led him to strike with almost unerring accuracy upon the real blemishes of the book. His "unmingled approbation" was a thousand times more severe than old Christopher's blunt and often clumsy condemnation. It was as if one had praised Pope for his amiable temper, or Wordsworth for the brilliancy of his wit.

The effect of this review upon the public we can only conjecture. But if the present scarcity of the volume is any indication, this edition of Tennyson's poems must have been a small one; and it was not until 1835 that John Stuart Mill, in the *Westminster Review*, attempted to create a better estimate of the real value of the book.

But upon the poet himself the effect was clearly marked. For ten years he was almost entirely silent, and when his next book appeared, in 1842, the force of Lockhart's criticisms was acknowledged in the most practical way. Five of the poems which had been most severely ridiculed were dropped altogether; and in the others almost

all of the blemishes which had been pointed out were removed. The miller's *mealy face*,

" Like the moon in an ivytod,"

the *water-rat* plunging into the stream, and the *gummy chestnut-buds* had vanished from the " Miller's Daughter." The grave accent over the *e*, in *charmèd* and similar words, was gone. And in the " Lady of Shalott," *tirra lirra* no longer did duty as a rhyme to *river*.

But the most numerous and the most important changes were made in " The Palace of Art," the longest and, in many respects, the most significant poem in the volume. And I cannot think of any more profitable way to study the development of Tennyson's genius and the growth of his distinctive style, than to trace the vicissitudes of this " Palace " as it appears in its earliest and its later forms.

The poem is an allegory—a vision of spiritual truth. Its meaning is clearly defined in the dedication to an unnamed friend. Its object is to exhibit a gifted but sinful soul, in its endeavors to live in selfish solitude and enjoy the most refined and consummate pleasures this earth can afford, without regard to the interests or the sufferings of the great world of mankind. The lesson which the poet desires to teach is that such a life must be a failure and carry its punishment within itself. It is an æsthetic protest against æstheticism. But it is worthy of notice that, while the dedication in the first edition was addressed to a member of the æsthetic class—

" You are an artist, and will understand
Its many lesser meanings,"—

in the second edition this line has disappeared. It is as if the poet desired to give a wider range to his lesson; as if he would say, " You are a man, and no matter what your occupation may be, you will feel the truth of this allegory."

This first alteration is characteristic. It shows us the change which had passed upon Tennyson's feelings and purposes during those eventful ten years of silence. He had grown broader and deeper. He was no longer content to write for a small and select circle of readers. His sympathies were larger and more humane. He began to feel that he had a country, and patriotism inspired him to write for England. He began to feel that the lives of common men and women are full of material for poetry, and philanthropy inspired him to speak as a man to his fellow men. This change, coming somewhere in the years when he was feeling the

effects of his first great personal sorrow, the death of his friend, Arthur Hallam, transformed Tennyson from the poet of a coterie into a true poet of the people. "The Palace of Art," even in its first form, was a prophecy of this change; but in its subsequent alterations we can trace the power of this broader and more humane spirit to mould the very form of the poet's work and make it more perfect.

The Palace which the poet built for his soul is described as standing on a lofty table-land, secure and inaccessible, for the first object sought was to dwell apart from the world. Then follows, in the original edition, a description of its long-sounding corridors,

> "Roofed with thick plates of green and orange glass,
> Ending in stately rooms."

In the second edition the architect's good taste has discarded this conservatory effect and these curiously assorted colors. He inserts instead a plan of the surroundings of the Palace, with its four great courts and its foaming fountains, its smooth lawns and branching cloisters. He draws a gilded parapet around the roof, and shows the distant prospect of the landscape. In following this order he has given reality and dignity to his structure, made it seem less like a picture-gallery, and more like a royal mansion.

Then he leads the soul through the different rooms, and describes the tapestries on the walls. As the poem stood at first these included the Madonna, Venus Anadyomene, St. Cecily, Arthur in the valley of Avilion, Kriemhilt pouring the Nibelungen gold into the Rhine, Europa, with her hand grasping the golden horn of the bull, and Ganymede borne upward by the eagle, together with landscapes of forest and pasture, sea-coast, mountain-glen, and woodlands, interspersed with gardens and vineyards. When the Palace was changed, Venus and Kriemhilt disappeared, and Europa occupied a smaller place. Pictures of Numa and his wise wood-nymphs, Indian Cama seated on his summer throne, and the porch of Mohammed's Paradise thronged with houris, were added. And among the landscapes there were two new scenes, one of cattle feeding by a river, and another of reapers at their sultry toil.

The soul pauses here, in the first edition, and indulges in a little rhapsody on the evolution of the intellect. This disappears in the second edition, and we pass directly from the chambers hung with arras into the great hall, the central apartment of the Palace. Here the architect had gathered, at first, a collection of portraits

of great men which was so catholic in its taste as to be almost motley. Lockhart laughed most derisively when he saw the group. "Milton, Shakspere, Dante, Homer, Michael Angelo, Martin Luther, Francis Bacon, Cervantes, Calderon, King David, the Halicarnassean (quære, which of them?), Alfred himself (presumably not the poet),

"'Isaiah with fierce Ezekiel,
Swarth Moses by the Coptic sea,
Plato, Petrarca, Livy, and Raphaël,
And eastern Confutzee.'"

This reminds the critic of a verse in that Doric poem, "The Groves of Blarney," and he wonders whether Mr. Tennyson was not thinking of the Blarney collection—

"Statues growing that noble place in
Of heathen goddesses most rare;
Homer, Plutarch, and Nebuchadnezzar,
All standing naked in the open air."

But in the revised Palace all these have been left out, except the first four, and the architect has added a great

"mosaic choicely plann'd
With cycles of the human tale
Of this wide world, the times of every land
So wrought, they will not fail.

"The people here, a beast of burden slow,
Toil'd onward, prick'd with goads and stings;
Here play'd a tiger, rolling to and fro
The heads and crowns of kings;

"Here rose an athlete, strong to break or bind
All force in bonds that might endure,
And here once more like some sick man declin'd
And trusted any cure."

This mosaic covered the floor, and over these symbols of struggling humanity the vainglorious soul trod proudly as she went up to take her throne between the shining windows on which the faces of Plato and Verulam were blazoned. In the first edition there was a gorgeous description of the banquet with which she regaled herself; piles of flavorous fruits, musk-scented blooms, ambrosial pulps and juices, graceful chalices of curious wine, and a service of costly jars and bossed salvers. Thus she feasted in solitary state, and

"ere young night divine
Crowned dying day with stars,

"Making sweet close of his delicious toils,
She lit white streams of dazzling gas,
And soft and fragrant flames of precious oils
In moons of purple glass."

This was written when the use of gas for illuminating purposes was new, and not considered unromantic. When the Palace was remodelled the gas was turned off, and the supper was omitted. The soul was lifted above mere sensual pleasures, and sat listening to her own song and rejoicing in her royal seclusion.

From this point onward, through the swift verses which describe the blight of loneliness and self-loathing which fell upon the mistress of the Palace, her repentance, and her retreat to a cottage in the vale, where she might weep and pray and purge her guilt, there are but few alterations in the poem. But there is one which is very significant. I mean the late addition of those verses (of which there is no trace either in 1833 or in 1842) which describe the contempt and hatred of the soul toward the common people, and her complete separation from all their interests:

"O God-like isolation which art mine,
I can but count thee perfect gain,
What time I watch the darkening droves of swine
That range on yonder plain.

"In filthy sloughs they roll a prurient skin,
They graze and wallow, breed and sleep;
And oft some brainless devil enters in,
And drives them to the deep."

These lines are most essential to the understanding of the poem. They touch the very heart of the sin which defiled the Palace and destroyed the soul's happiness. It was not merely that she loved music and beauty and fragrance; but that in her love for these she lost her moral sense, denied her human duties, and scorned, instead of pitying and helping, those who lived on the plain below her.

Selfish pride is the mother of the worst kind of pessimism, a pessimism which despairs because it despises. This is the unpardonable sin which makes its own hell. And this is the lesson which Tennyson, in the maturity of his powers has wished to emphasize by adding these verses to "The Palace of Art."

There are a great many minor alterations scattered through the

poem, which I have not time to notice. Some of them are mere changes of spelling, like Avilion, which becomes Avalon; and Cecily, which is changed to Cicely in 1842, and back again to Cecily in later editions; and sweet Europa's mantle, which at first "blew unclasped," and then lost its motion and got a touch of color, becoming "blue, unclasped," and finally returned to its original form. (Some one has said that a painter would not have been forced to choose between color and motion, for he could have made the mantle at once blue and blowing.) Corrections and re-corrections such as these show how carefully Mr. Tennyson seeks the perfection of language.

But the most interesting change yet to be noted is directly due to Lockhart's sharp criticism; at least, it was he who first pointed out the propriety of it, in his usual sarcastic way. "In this poem," said he, "we first observed a stroke of art which we think very ingenious. No one who has ever written verses but must have felt the pain of erasing some happy line, some striking phrase, which, however excellent in itself, did not exactly suit the place for which it was destined. How curiously does an author mould and remould the plastic verse in order to fit in the favorite thought; and when he finds that he cannot introduce it, as Corporal Trim says, *any how*, with what reluctance does he at last reject the intractable, but still cherished, offspring of his brain. Mr. Tennyson manages this delicate matter in a new and better way. He says, with great candor and simplicity, 'If this poem were not already too long *I should have added the following stanzas*,' and then *he adds them;* or, 'I intended to have added something on statuary, but I found it very difficult; but I have finished the statues of Elijah and Olympias; judge whether I have succeeded;' and then *we have those two statues.* This is certainly the most ingenious device that has ever come under our observation for reconciling the rigor of criticism with the indulgence of parental partiality."

The passages to which Mr. Lockhart alludes in this delicious paragraph are the notes appended to pages 73 and 83 of the original edition. The former of these contains four stanzas on sculptures; the latter gives a description of one of the favorite occupations of the self-indulgent soul, which is too fine to be left unquoted. Above the palace a massive tower was built:

> "Hither, when all the deep unsounded skies
> Were shuddering with silent stars, she clomb,
> And, as with optic glasses, her keen eyes
> Pierced thro' the mystic dome,

"Regions of lucid matter taking forms,
Brushes of fire, hazy gleams,
Clusters and beds of worlds, and bee-like swarms
Of suns, and starry streams.

"She saw the snowy poles of moonless Mars,
That marvellous round of milky light
Below Orion, and those double stars
Whereof the one more bright

"Is circled by the other."

But, however admirable these lines may seem, and however much we may regret their loss, there can be no doubt that the manner of their introduction was incongruous and absurd. It was like saying, "This Palace is not to have a hall of statues, but I will simply put on a small wing as a sample of what is not to be done. And there is no room for an observatory, but I will construct one in order that you may see what it would have been like." The poet himself seems to have recognized that the device was too "ingenious" to be dignified: and in 1842 he restored the symmetry of the Palace by omitting the annex-buildings entirely.

And now let us sum up the changes which have been made in the Palace since it was first constructed. For this purpose it will be better to take Macmillan's edition of 1884 (which probably represents the poet's final revision) and lay it beside the edition of 1833.

In 1833 the poem, including the notes, contained eighty-three stanzas; in 1884 it has only seventy-five. Of the original number thirty-one have been entirely omitted—in other words, more than a third of the structure has been pulled down; and, in place of these, twenty-two new stanzas have been added, making a change of fifty-three stanzas. The fifty-two that remain have almost all been retouched and altered, so that very few stand to-day in the same shape which they had at the beginning. I suppose there is no other poem in the language, not even among the writings of Tennyson, which has passed through such vicissitudes as this.

But, after all, it remains the same poem; its plan and purpose are unchanged. And the general result of the alteration is twofold: first, the omission of unnecessary decoration, which is a good rule for the architect: second, the increased clearness and force of the lesson, which is a profitable example for the moralist. The omissions may deprive us of many rich and polished details, beautiful as the carved capitals of Corinthian pillars; but they leave the Palace stand-

ing more plainly and solidly before the inward eye. The additions, almost without exception, are chosen with a wondrous skill, to reveal and intensify the meaning of the allegory. Touch after touch brings out the picture of the self-centred soul: the indifference that hardens into cruel contempt, the pride that verges swiftly toward insanity, the insatiate lust of pleasure that devours all the world can give and then turns to feed upon itself, the empty darkness of the life without love. It seems as if the poet had felt that he must spare no pains to make the picture clear and strong. And indeed, the age has need of it. For the chosen few are saying to their disciples that the world is a failure, humanity a mass of wretchedness, religion an ancient dream—the only refuge for the elect of wealth and culture is in art. Retreat into your places of pleasure. Leave the Philistines. Delight your eyes and ears with all things fair and sweet. So shall it be well with you and your soul shall rejoice itself in fatness.

This is the new gospel of pessimism—nay, its old gospel. Nebuchadnezzar tried it in Babylon, Hadrian tried it in Rome, Solomon tried it in Jerusalem, and from all its palaces of art comes the same voice: *vanitas vanitatum et omnia vanitas.*

It is not until the soul has learned a better wisdom, learned that the human race is one, and that none can truly rise by treading on his fellow men, learned that art is not the servant of luxury, but the helper of humanity, learned that happiness is born not of the lust to possess and to enjoy, but of the desire to give and to bless—then, and not until then, when she brings others with her, can the soul find true rest in her Palace.

There are signs, not a few, that the light of this lesson is beginning to dawn upon the minds of men as our too-selfish century draws near its end. The growing desire that every human habitation should have its touch of grace and delight, the movement to adorn our public places and redeem the city-Saharas from the curse of desolation, the effort to make our churches more beautiful and more attractive, as the houses of prayer for all people, the splendid gifts which private generosity has bestowed upon our metropolitan galleries—all these are tokens of a better day. They encourage us to hope that art is to be emancipated and humanized, and thus to receive a new inspiration.

HENRY VAN DYKE.

LITERARY CRITICISM.

It is quite aside from the purpose of this paper to compass the comprehensive province of general criticism. This has been done or, at least, attempted by no less a personage than Matthew Arnold; as he boldly declares: "I am bound by my own definition of criticism—a disinterested endeavor to learn and propagate the best that is known and thought in the world." This, we submit, is a definition covering not only the ever-widening area of criticism itself, but a vast deal of territory beyond its legitimate domain. We speak, at present, of that particular department of criticism known as literary, wherein the method and subject-matter alike are specifically those of literature as distinct from science, philosophy, or from language itself in its purely linguistic character. Despite Mr. Arnold's all-embracing definition, he is so much a man of letters that most of his statements and conclusions as to the critical art have specially to do with literature, and that in modern European times. Nor is it too much to say, that what might be called the popular idea of criticism refers primarily to literature in some one or other of its manifold forms. In so far as English literary criticism is concerned, its origin is comparatively recent. Mr. Hallam, in common with other literary historians of the earlier epochs of our authorship, calls attention to a kind of criticism and to various schools of critics existing in the age of Elizabeth and immediately succeeding eras. Hence, the names of Gascoigne, Webbe, Puttenham, and Sidney are enumerated, and reference is made to the metaphysical school of Donne as a critical school in the sphere of verse. Later in the history, scores of so-called critics appear, who at the hands of some well-disposed historians receive more than a passing notice, while at the opening of the reign of Anne, and throughout the period of the classical school of letters, English literary criticism may be said to have taken on for the first time something like a specific and systematic form in the pages of Pope and Dryden, Addison and Samuel Johnson. Special critical treatises upon varied literary subjects were prepared and published. Such were Lord Kames' *Elements of Criticism*, Burke's *Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful*, Pope's *Essay on Criticism*, Tho-

mas Warton's *History of English Poetry*, Alison's *Essay on Taste* and Dr. Blair's *University Lectures on Belles Lettres*—each of these numerous discussions calling emphatic attention to the criticism of authorship as a distinctive department of scholarly effort. It is not to be forgotten that it was in the middle and latter part of this eighteenth century that the literary influence of Germany was especially felt in England through the writings of Lessing, Herder, Schiller, and Goethe. Hence, we cannot be at a loss to account, on the one hand, for that general mental awakening of which the British mind at once became the subject, nor, on the other hand, for that distinctively critical impetus that was imparted to our national letters. Just here we are prepared, therefore, for what may be regarded as the exact historical origin of modern English literary criticism—the establishment of the *Edinburgh Review*, in 1802, in the persons of Jeffrey and his colleagues. The *Review* was preeminently critical and always in the definite realm of literary work. It was characteristically a review—its object being to take a scholarly survey of the authorship of the time and pronounce judgment upon it in the light of critical canons as then established. From this date on, such a type of criticism has grown to imposing proportions, keeping even pace with the rapid development of modern English letters and threatening, at times, to distance its natural competitor, and become an end unto itself. The name of our nineteenth century critics has already become legion, from Gifford, Lamb, Hazlitt, De Quincey, Hallam, and North on to the masterly work of Carlyle and Arnold. Such a conspicuous history of literary art as this cannot be too carefully marked by the literary student. Its characteristic features cannot be too definitely traced and all that is false be sharply distinguished from all that is true.

With the literature of England specially in view, it will be our purpose to discuss and emphasize the essential elements of literary criticism which, being absent, nullify or vitiate its rightful influence, but which, if effectively present, make such criticism one of the most potent factors in the literary development of a people.

It is needless to state, at the outset, that the presence of general intelligence in the person of the critic is postulated. Common information on common topics of intellectual interest is assumed. Such an one must, in a well-understood sense, be conversant with what Mr. Arnold is pleased to phrase "the best that is known and thought in the world." He must, in Baconian speech, be a "full man," so as

not "to need to have much cunning to seem to know that he doth not." If, as we are told, criticism means, to all intents and purposes, the "criticism of life," and Mr. Whipple is right in connecting literature and life, then must the critical work of every literary artist evince such an order and such a measure of the knowledge of things in general. It is to this very point that Mr. Arnold is speaking in defence of his comprehensive theory, as he says, "Judging is often spoken of as the critic's one business, but the judgment which forms itself along with fresh knowledge is the valuable one." Here the need is emphasized, on the critic's part, of an acquaintanceship with the general area and outlook of things, as if he should aim to be a kind of scholar at large, roaming at will over the vast domain of universal truth. In this respect, Leibnitz and Voltaire must have approximately answered the demands of the English essayist. A question of more than common interest emerges just here. It refers to the necessity of what is termed a liberal education to the fulfilment of the functions of literary criticism. À priori, this would seem to be a tenable position. In the light of the history of criticism itself, it receives large endorsement, while, conversely, the exceptions are numerous and valid enough to keep the question still at issue.

This much, however, is to be affirmed and maintained, that a good degree of general knowledge in whatsoever way obtained is essential. Whether in the regular courses of academic study or in some exceptional manner, the "mental stuff," as Bacon terms it, must be possessed as affording a valid basis for anything like large-minded and liberal judgment. Though the acquisitions need not be encyclopedic as were those of Leibnitz, they are to be, in the best sense, comprehensive. We are speaking, however, of an order of knowledge specifically literary, a knowledge of books, and, most of all, of those books whose content, method, style and object are literary as distinct from any other possible character. Literary criticism must be based on a familiarity with literature as a separate province of human thought and effort. Such a critic must be a specialist in letters as the scientific or philological critic must be in his distinct department. Whatever his scholarly attainments may be in this or that branch of learning, or however broad his knowledge may be of men and things, he must be a *littérateur*—a man of letters in the highest meaning of that term. The few great critics of the world in the sphere of literature have been such men—pre-eminently what our First English speech calls Bôc-Men—men of books. Such were

Aristotle and Quintilian, of ancient times. Such were the Schlegels of Germany and the wide-minded Goethe, and such, Doctor Johnson and De Quincey of England. It is specifically of this literary knowledge that Addison is speaking in one of his critical papers as so essential to all adequate judgment. "The truth of it is," he writes, "there is nothing more absurd than for a man to set up for a critic without a good insight into all the parts of learning." His reference, throughout, is to that particular kind of learning which comes from an absorbing intimacy with classical letters. Attention has already been called to the fact that we are living in a day of critical activity. Another fact of equal importance is that ignorant criticism in the qualified sense of literary ignorance is by far too common. Even where much of our modern censorship is competent on the side of general information, it is palpably deficient in the narrower domain of literary art. The fundamental facts of literary history as a definite branch of history are not sufficiently in possession. As to the manifold relations of such history to that which is purely civil or ecclesiastical and as to the vital relations of authors to the times in which they live and write there is too often a manifest lack of knowledge. An accurate acquaintance with all that is meant by Taine in his frequent reference to epoch and environment as affecting literature is not sufficiently conspicuous.

It is this class of critics whom Addison designates "illiterate smatterers." They are the novices and unthinking adventurers in a sphere whose special requirements they are either unwilling to meet or incapable of appreciating. The art of criticism they regard as, at best, a kind of mechanical survey of what purports to be original with authors, and a duty, if duty at all, to be dismissed with as little thoughtfulness and preparation as possible. Modern journalism and the lighter magazine literature of the time open an attractive field in which these experimenters may ply their daily trade. Literary criticism must, therefore, first of all, be competent, an intelligent criticism on the literary side demanding special measures of intelligence with reference to every separate subject presented for examination. Professor Masson in his study of Milton, and Professor Child in his study of Chaucer and Middle English ballads, are living examples of those who in this respect have worthily fulfilled their mission.

Such an order of criticism is as beneficent in its results as it is unyielding in its requirements. It is stimulating and suggestive to all

who come under its influence. It gives what Cardinal Newman would call "a note of dignity" to the entire province of judicial function in letters. As literature widens, it also assumes still broader forms, until, at length, the desired result is secured, that criticism becomes an important part of literature itself, and heartily co-operates therewith toward every worthiest end.

In the face of popular opinion to the contrary, the human heart, as well as the head, has something to do in the field of critical endeavor, while it is in the currency and weight of this erroneous sentiment that the need of giving due emphasis to this principle of considerateness is apparent. The very words—critic, critical, and criticism—have become and still are synonymous with personal indifference; if not, indeed, with positive hostility of feeling and opinion. Mr. Gosse suggestively terms it, "executive severity." The judicial censor of books and writers is rather expected to play the part of an executioner, to have nothing to do with what Mr. Disraeli styles the amenities. To criticise is, of course, to impale the author on the point of the critic's pen, to magnify faults and overlook excellences. Volumes might, indeed, be written on unsympathetic criticism without going beyond the bounds of our own literature. In the days of the English bards and Scotch reviewers it was sufficiently conspicuous. It is just here that the *Dunciad* overreached itself, and in its aim at the humorous entered the province of the captious and cynical. It is here that the formal and fastidious school of classical poetry in the age of Dryden sadly erred, that the imperious Dr. Johnson violated the dictates of propriety, and that such a gifted man as Carlyle vitiated much of his rightful literary influence. What a sorry picture does Poe afford us in his personal vituperation of the authors of his time, who in every particular were his superiors! What a lack of literary courtesy and good-will appears in the haughty depreciation of American poets by the infallible Whitman! Benedix, in Germany, and Voltaire, in France, were such critical cynics in their respective judgments of Shakspere; nor is Taine, with all his merit, without deserved rebuke in this particular sphere of hypercriticism. If we inquire more specifically as to what is meant by this element, we remark a kindly regard for the feelings, the circumstances, and the purpose of the author under review. Mr. Arnold would call it "urbanity." "A critic," writes Mr. Stedman, "must accept what is best in a

poet and thus become his best encourager," a principle, we may add, as intrinsically true as it is finely illustrated in the author of it. Of all men, the literary critic should be a man of a humane temper of mind, full of a genuine fellow-feeling for those whose intellectual work he is called to examine. It is his duty to take as charitable and catholic a view of authors and authorship as possible, based on a wide survey of those peculiar difficulties that lie along the line of anything like original work in letters. Here we come in contact with a distinct literary principle closely applying to the subject in hand. It maintains that, for the best results in this department of criticism, the critic and the author must be one, confirming thus the couplet of Pope:

> "Let such teach others who themselves excel,
> And censure freely who have written well."

The mere critic, in the technical sense of the word, is the least fitted to sit as a censor in any province of original production, and most especially in that of literature, where the most delicate phases of personal character appear and where words are so influential over sensitive natures. In the literature of our vernacular it is suggestive to note the large number of critics who have reached their eminence through individual authorship. One has but to run down the long list of those gifted writers who have in hand the *English Men of Letters* Series to see such a combination most happily exemplified. In such men as Morrison and Masson, Shairp and Hutton, Patterson and Ward, Ainger and Trollope, it would be difficult to say which was the more prominent—their critical acumen or their actual productive power as writers. If we extend this principle to the authors themselves, who are the subjects of criticism, such as Addison, De Quincey, Coleridge, and others, the result is equally striking. Of the nine American poets discussed by Mr. Stedman, the same principle is apparent in the critical work of Lowell and Taylor, much of the secret of whose power is found in the fact of their genial sweetness of temper as induced by a personal knowledge of the author's trials and discouragements. The temptation to unfeeling criticism is far too potent to be ignored. When most stoutly resisted, it will still be present with sufficient efficacy. If once allowed to control the method and spirit of critical work, it will, in the end, but defeat the very purpose of such work, and magnify the personal element above the great interests of literary art. Criticism is one

thing, censoriousness is another. Keats and Henry Kirke White are not the only poets who will rise up in judgment against heartless reviewers. It may be emphasized here that the ever recurring errors of opinion among the wisest critics should be enough to induce in all who are called to such duty a spirit of humility and charity. It is well known in what comparative disesteem England's greatest dramatic poet was held in the seventeenth century, while scores of second-rate versifiers were lauded beyond all claims of merit. Later in our history, Edmund Waller was pronounced "the most celebrated lyric poet that England ever produced." Thomas Warton goes out of his way to compliment Hammond, and Burns must content himself with ploughing and gauging. The mere recital of England's poet laureates from 1660 on to the time of Southey is enough to awaken within us the seriocomic sentiment. Dryden excepted, the roll of honor reads as follows: Davenant, Shadwell, Tate, Rowe, Eusden, Cibber, Warton, Whitehead, and Pye, and these were the masters of literature for a century and a half after the Restoration! Fortunately for our national honor, the list opens with the name of Spencer and closes with that of Tennyson.

Critics apart, however, criticism itself as a literary art must have something of "the milk of human kindness" in it. Even Carlyle, in his essay on Burns, goes so far as to say: "Criticism, it is sometimes thought, should be a cold business. We are not so sure of this," while in the very essay referred to the captious fault-finder forgets awhile his prevailing methods and is full of benignity. How genial as a literary judge is the kindly Charles Lamb, as he discusses the productions of our earlier English dramatists! Sydney Smith, Christopher North, and the brothers Hare are eminent here, while one of the most attractive elements in that masterly treatise on English Letters now preparing by Henry Morley is that urbanity of temper under whose subduing influence all the rough edges of the critic's work are made to disappear.

Nor are we contending here, as we shall see hereafter, for any such thing as laxity of judgment or a sentimental deference to the character, work, and opinions of authors coming under judicial inspection. We simply maintain with Pope, that the critic and the man are one, that any order of literary judgment which separates itself from the reach and play of human sympathies is thereby devoid of one of the prime conditions of all true literary decision. Diogenes

the cynic has no function in such a sphere. That truly cosmopolitan spirit, so germane to every man of letters, would forever exclude him. It is refreshing to hear the genial Richter, in speaking of Madame de Staël's *Allemagne*, declare, "What chiefly exalts her to be our critic is the feeling she manifests." Richter himself was a notable example of such kindliness of spirit, adjusting all differences, subduing all enmity, and, while defending the highest canons of literary art, still applying them with suavity and grace. There is a criticism that disarms criticism. There is such a thing as the humanities in the world of letters, and no man can afford, either for his own sake or for that of literature itself, to take the censor's chair and issue his decisions in any other attitude of mind than that of considerate deference to the feelings of men.

Knowledge and sympathy are one thing and essential in their place. Insight is quite another thing, and in its place even more essential. It is what Mr. Arnold terms "the endeavor to see the object as in itself it really is." The work of the critic is now introspective and subjective, having to do with the innermost content and spirit of whatsoever may be examined.

There is in this included, first of all, that particular order of insight which we may call philosophic. As such, it has primarily to do with the fundamental laws of things, with the genesis of causes and the gradual sequence of effects. It is this phase of critical activity which the ablest critics of all ages have magnified. It is the criticism of ideas, of the essential properties of any mental product quite apart from any specifically external form which it may assume. Even Pope, despite his slavish subjection to the formalities of Augustan art in letters, insists upon this interior insight as one of the prime conditions in those "born to judge." Criticism at this point may be said to rise to the dignity of a philosophic science. All that is meant by the high mental process of generalization, of analysis and synthesis, is practically involved in it. Hence, the increasingly high conception which modern educated opinion is holding as to its character and requirements. More and more is it seen to be something more than a verbal study of authorship, and is taking its place as a substantial art, based on logical and psychological grounds. Nothing more surely confirms this statement than the tendency manifest of late to make the boundary line between literary criticism and creation as narrow as possible. Principal Shairp,

in his *Aspects of Poetry*, dwells on this very subject with characteristic interest. Mr. Carlyle, in all his writings, insists upon the necessity of the inventive as well as the historical element in criticism. Precisely so, Mr. Arnold; while the latest deliverance on this particular topic is from Mr. Stedman; as he quaintly expresses it: "I doubt if creative criticism, and that which is truly critical, differ like the experimental and the analytic chemistries." In plain English, he would say, the difference is incidental and not radical. When he says of Mr. Lowell, "that to read him enjoyably is a point in evidence of a liberal education," he is speaking of his critical ability. There is, indeed, such a thing as the "higher criticism" applied to the products of literary art. It is distinctively intellectual in cast and method, so that its normal result will be seen in the form of mental quickening and expansion. It has to do far more with what De Quincey calls the "Literature of Power," than with the "Literature of Knowledge." The one is inquisitive; the other merely acquisitive. The judicial faculty, in whatever sphere applied, is one of the highest organs of mental energy, and reaches its conclusions largely through the agency of philosophic insight. There is, however, a further form of insight absolutely essential to the criticism of literature. We may call it literary, as distinct from philosophic. Addison speaks of it as "fine taste," born with us, if at all existing, and so essential as by its absence to render all judgments fallacious. We sometimes speak of it correctly as delicacy of perception, that peculiar reach and nicety of discrimination by which the mind comes at once to the clear discernment of what is true and beautiful in authorship. While less distinctively logical than that order of insight already noted, it is even more penetrating and crucial, and, withal, more reliable in its decisions. Unrestricted by any of the formulæ of the schools, and quite devoid of what may be called a systematic procedure, it works with all the spontaneity of instinct, and yet with all the satisfactoriness of established law. It is this that Mr. Arnold may have in mind in one of his favorite words—"lucidity." It is undoubtedly what he means by his reiterated phrase, "a sense of beauty." This is substantially what we mean by literary insight including in its range of vision not only beauty, but all the other and higher qualities of expression. We prefer to call it "the literary sense"—founded, indeed, on literary knowledge and philosophic insight, and yet possessed of a character and territory of its own. This is that special penetration that de-

tects, appreciates, and exhibits all the most delicate features of literary excellence in prose and verse, which peers with the genuine critic's eye, clarified by culture, into all the shades and phases of truth. It is what Hazlitt would call "the refined understanding," a sagacious apprehension of those particular qualities which make any work of art attractive and worthy. At times, as with the Greeks of old, it would seem to have been the possession of an entire people, while even in modern literature the instances are not rare when mere scholarly criticism, devoid of this unstudied perception of the inmost essence of things, has been forced to defer its literary judgments to the intuitive decisions of the general literary public. The existence of such a type and measure of insight is, however, comparatively rare, either in nations or individuals. Hence, those critics in whom this genius of criticism is found are few in number. Longinus, among the Greeks, was such an one. Such, among the Germans, was Goethe, whom Masson calls "the greatest literary critic that ever lived." Such was Sainte-Beuve in France, and such is Mr. Ruskin, of England. The very mention of these names is indicative of a keen, subtle, pervasive insight into character and art. Beyond all knowledge of fact and power of generalization there is the "vision and the faculty divine" as belonging to the critic no less than to the author. Under its searching introspection hidden things are brought to light, and truth and beauty are seen to be one. It is pertinent to note, in this connection, that nothing is more fatal to literary progress than the presence of superficial literary criticism, marked alike by its lack of philosophic and of literary penetration. As already intimated, modern Continental and English Letters are showing decided progress in this particular. Since the opening of the romantic era in England, in the natural art of Burns and Wordsworth, scholars, authors, and readers alike are becoming less and less tolerant of mere verbal structure for structure's sake. Despite the fact that the conventional school of the days of Anne is far too largely reproduced by the leading poets of England, to-day, still the protest against it is so emphatic and continuous that it must perforce be heard and heeded. The gradual supremacy of substantial prose over merely resonant verse, the gradual decadence of polite letters, as the French have loosely used that phrase, and the increasing attention now given to the history, philosophy and purpose of literature, all make their influence felt within the province of criticism itself, and call for something more than mere mechanical technique.

There is an ever more imperative demand among the representative classes of the community to get down below the outer body of literature to the absolute heart of things. Mr. Gosse, in his recently published criticisms—*From Shakespeare to Pope*—has, in some respects, done the literary world an important service in bringing to light undiscovered facts relative to the classical school of English letters. We confess, however, to the untimeliness of the attempt, at this late date in modern letters, to exalt beyond all proper bounds the place and work of such inferior names as Davenant and Waller, and once again to thrust upon the notice of modern critics the methods and results of that "mundane order" of authors. The procedure is devoid of that element of insight so eminently essential to correct conclusions. If, as Mr. Gosse himself finely states it, "literature is the quintessence of good writing," and not a mere technical obedience to statute, what is needed, above all, is to encourage the tendency of modern criticism in this higher direction. If it is the "quintessence" we are seeking, then must insight both psychologic and æsthetic be applied, and the very soul of literary expression be revealed. In the absence of such insight lies the greatest deficiency of the widely versed Macaulay as a critic of letters, and in its substantial presence the just renown of such men as Coleridge and our American Lowell.

We next touch upon that ever pressing question of the precise relation of literary morality to practical and personal morals, of ethics to æsthetics. Is there such a connection as that of character and scholarship, or is the man of letters one person, and the man of ethical sensibility and aim another? The tendency of modern thinking in the domain of art and letters is undoubtedly toward an ever widening separation of these two departments of human activity. We are told that the *littérateur* has a sphere of his own, as the moralist has his, and that nothing more is demanded of either of them in relation to the other than the observance of common civility. Such a novelist as Ouida, in her unblushing portraitures, cannot express herself too strongly against what she is pleased to call the presence of Puritanism in literature, that revolting "church steeple" authorship which is wont to express its convictions only in view of the temple and the altar. The relation of criticism to conscience becomes, in view of such deliverances as these, one of the questions of special moment. We are using the term conscientiousness in this connection in its most comprehensive sense as including all those elements of charac-

ter that go to make up the man of honor, uprightness, and ethical integrity. Pope, in his *Essay on Criticism*, especially alludes to it.

Mr. Arnold is nowhere more outspoken than just here. He protests against confining the word conscience to the moral sphere, and alludes to its exclusion from the sphere of intellectual endeavor as unscientific. The famous French critic, Sainte-Beuve, speaks in still stronger terms. "The first consideration for us is not whether we are pleased by a work of art. What we seek above all to learn is, whether we were right in being pleased with it." This is certainly high ground for the Gallic mind to assume, as it at once lifts the ethical above the merely æsthetic and gives us therein one of the fundamental elements of all literary criticism, what we style conscientiousness. As far as the present discussion is concerned, it may be said to include three distinct essentials.

There must be in the critic an absolute fidelity to the facts as they exist. The record is to be taken as it reads, as an historical and impersonal record, as a body of data given to hand for reference and use just as it stands. The critic is not to play the legitimate rôle of the novelist, shaping the facts to suit his particular purpose, but must hold himself in honor bound to the facts, regarding any substantial departure therefrom as a breach of literary trust. Whatever liberty may rightfully be accorded him in the special work of the interpretation of facts, the facts themselves must stand as they are. It is here that the wide departments of literary history and biography take on a new importance as related to literary criticism, in that they serve to furnish the data obtainable from no other sources, whereby literary work itself may be the more correctly judged.

Into the next essential, that of impartiality, enters the quality of courage, an undaunted estimate of merit and demerit as they stand revealed to the critic's discerning eye. Dr. Johnson's latest biographer has this in mind as he says, "Whoever thinks for himself, and says plainly what he thinks, has some merit as a critic." We may term it disinterestedness, a dispassionate, judicial regard to the thing in itself as quite unconnected with any ulterior end that might be subserved by it. Mr. Arnold would probably call it justness of spirit. When Mr. Stedman speaks of Lowell as "a safe and independent critic," he must refer to this impartial attitude of mind. Mr. Froude, in his honest statements concerning Carlyle, is a good example of this heroic order of critic, while Carlyle himself, though

often erring on the side of undue severity, must be classed among those few men of letters who have had the courage of their convictions and been bold to announce them in the face of all opposition. Nor is there any necessary conflict here between what we have called literary sympathy and literary courage of decision. The tenderest deference to the feelings of authors and the fullest appreciation of their discouragements may have proper place and yet the high demands of literary justice be fully met. If in some exceptional emergency an apparent conflict arises and a sacrifice must be made at some point along the line, there can be no question whatever but that an inflexible justice should prevail and conscience remain supreme over the affections. Nothing is more needed in modern literature than this unbiassed order of judgment, a positiveness of opinion and expression that leaves no room for debate. The very word criticism means decision. It is more than a mere discernment of truth and error, correctness and incorrectness. It is the specific deliverance of a conclusion without hesitation or evasion. Much of the practical helpfulness of criticism is found in such a fearless and final verdict as this. It tells us where we are, and affords us a basis for further procedure on intelligent methods. Better by far to err on the side of dogmatism with such open-faced censors as Arnold and Carlyle, than on the side of vacillating timidity with so many of the time-serving flatterers of the day. Pride of opinion, so it be candid and honest, is far more commendable in criticism than a craven deference to the supposed preferences of others. The surrender of one's personality is as unliterary and uncritical as it is unconscientious.

Conscientiousness in criticism assumes its most distinctive character as an ethical quality, an essential quality of high moral aim. By this is meant, in general, a controlling regard to the demands of truth as truth. In the special department of literary criticism it means that, above all possible considerations of personal advantage, or the advantage of authors themselves, the great interests of literature should be uppermost. What will best subserve its deepening and broadening; what will purify and elevate its tone, and give it wider usefulness as a national educator; how, in fine, it can be made what it ought to be, an essential factor in all intellectual and social progress—these are questions with which the conscientious critic is bound to deal, lest, indeed, the very end of his art be missed. The final purpose of literary criticism is what Lessing

would have styled the search after truth, first of all, as expressed in literature itself, and then through it as a medium in all related domains of thought. Such a purpose is eminently ethical and serves to co-ordinate the work of the critic with that of the educator and moralist. It is in this particular province of criticism that danger is the most imminent. Manifestly so in Continental Europe, and most especially, in the modern French school of art, it is far too apparent on the English side of the channel, and is even working its way across the Atlantic. Mr. Gibbon has grievously sinned as a critic just here, as has Mr. Buckle, in his survey of European civilization. Mallock and Lecky are not without faults in this respect, while even such critics as John Morley and Leslie Stephen have more than once yielded to the growing tendency whereby the pursuit of truth for truth's sake has been made the secondary end. In most of the recent estimates of the character of George Eliot, it is humiliating to mark the deliberate evasion of fact and truth on behalf of a questionable morality in a woman of letters, nor is it at all possible to see just what can be gained by that exorbitant and unjustifiable laudation of the school of Whitman which at present is so prevalent among us.

Accuracy, impartiality, and moral aim positively forbid it. It is, in every true sense, unconscientious.

We speak and speak rightly of the superiority of that criticism which is constructive over that which is simply destructive and negative, while it is pertinent to emphasize the principle just here that such an order of positive, progressive, and organizing criticism is possible only on the basis of a method and purpose controllingly ethical. Knowledge, sympathy, and insight are fundamental requisites, but that species of criticism that is grounded in these only apart from the presence of moral aims as primary is sure in the end to return upon itself and further every other interest but the interests of truth.

A question of lively moment arises as we close this discussion—to what extent American literary criticism is fulfilling or aiming to fulfil these essential conditions. It is this very question that Mr. Stedman seems to have in mind as he writes in the opening chapter of his *American Poets:*

"There is little doubt that our poetry has suffered from the lack of those high and exquisite standards of criticism which have been established in older lands. Only of late have we begun to look for criticism which applies both knowledge

and self-knowledge to the test, which enters into the sóul and purpose of a work and considers every factor that makes it what it is. Such criticism is now essayed, but often too much occupied with foreign subjects to search out and foster what is of worth among ourselves."

The favorite theory of recent English critics that all genuine creative epochs in literature must be preceded by critical eras would seem to be having a partial illustration in the present status of our native authorship. The purely inventive era of Bryant and Longfellow, and even of Holmes and Lowell, may be said to have given way to the existing era of criticism, while it in turn is preparing the way for that highly original period of American prose and verse to which the most sanguine among us are confidently looking. Be this as it may, as in England so at home, the present drift is rather toward the reflective examination of literary product already at hand than toward the awakening of every energy to the increasing of such product. While it is still held by some who have a right to be heard that even yet the main business of our American writers is to develop the national literature along the highest lines of its possible progress, there is in the country such a substantial amount of accomplished literary work as the basis of artistic criticism that such criticism will accept its opportunity and specially emphasize the questions of method, form, and external feature. For so young a people as the Americans are, and so necessarily devoted hitherto to the establishment of political and industrial life, not a little of worthy work has been done in this direction, and worthier results are promised. It is too true, indeed, that untutored and conscienceless novices insist upon experimenting within the sacred precincts of this high calling, and that American secular journalism offers too tempting a sphere for superficial and cynical judgments of men and authors. Despite this, however, it is pleasing to note that since the critical prose of Taylor and Lowell has established by example the necessity of those essentials we have aimed to discuss, there has been a more honest desire to illustrate in criticism these same essentials of knowledge, sympathy, insight, and conscience. With such names before us as Ticknor and Tuckerman, Fields and Channing, Reed and White, this hopeful spirit may find encouragement. If to this list we add those American authors who as editors of the *American Men of Letters* series, and *American Statesmen* series, may be said to be doing a high form of specifically critical work, the hopefulness is increased, while two such able critics as Mr. Whipple and

Mr. Stedman are enough in themselves to inspire confidence as to our future. Nor must the liberal institutions of the land be omitted in this general estimate. Their distinctive title is that of *literary* institutions. Whatever their defects have been as to high literary tone and critical competency, it is more and more apparent that in these particulars worthier views are obtaining and the colleges of the country are fast becoming accepted standards of literary judgment. The question propounded of late, whether a national academy of letters would be best in America, is, after all, subordinate to the further question as to the possibility of founding numerous centres of literary influence among us. As Mr. Howells recently suggests, what is needed in America is not that this or that city should be an acknowledged primate in the Republic of American authorship, but that we have "a literary centre scattered all over the country in keeping thus with the spirit of federal nationality." There is here, we submit, a possible result open to our liberal institutions in the realization of which all that has hitherto been done will appear insignificant. If we need and are to have in this country an order of criticism worthy of the name, then must our literary schools of learning become indeed literary, the sources of continuous literary product, the accepted centres the country over of all that is worthy in æsthetic art and culture.

We are full of hope in this particular. American letters are to become a substantial power in the land. Literary progress is to rank among us as second to no other form of progress. The colleges of our future are to be as never before the homes of high taste. Criticism is to mean, most especially, literary criticism, while from these multiplied seats of literary activity, as of scientific and philosophic, there will ever go forth an influence so potent and pervasive that the remotest frontiers of our national domain will feel it. Perchance the American greed for gold and civic preferment will, under such an influence, give way at length to an equally intense and expressive passion for generous and lofty culture.

This in itself will make our literature and our criticism competent, catholic, discriminating, and conscientious. It will, also, serve to place us as a people fairly in line with our "kin beyond the sea," who, even yet, with all their decline from earlier standards, continue to hold among the nations of modern times the enviable place of literary leadership.

T. W. HUNT.

THE MINISTER'S FACTOTUM.

HE stood, to use the phrase of the countryside, six feet seven inches and three-quarters in his hand-knit, ribbed stockings of gray wool, taken from the backs of his own mountain sheep. Round the chest he measured full fifty-three inches; and his strong, well-shaped neck, which was almost ever bared to the winds, and was as hairy as the skins put on smooth-fleshed Jacob by his lying mother to cheat her old blind man, carried a finely shaped head, massive and round as a cannon-ball. His hands gripped like a machinist's vice, but his soft blue eyes smiled on you like a gentle spring sky. Ready to laugh at all fun, he was as ready to take away the heavy bundle from the tottering old woman and console the crying child by tossing him up on his brawny shoulder for a ride across the moor. When he shouted, the storm-blast on the hillside was lost for the moment; and when he sang in the Sunday-school "The Lord's my Shepherd," his tones were low and tender and humble as a child's. Farmer, horse-dealer (and honest at even that trying business), carrier for the district, general trader, liveryman, chairman of school committee, superintendent, unpaid relief officer, elder, and minister's factotum—everything and anything to make fair gains or to do a kindness to every one who wanted a service, whether the applicant was "gentle or semple"; without him the parish would have been nothing, and the minister crippled beyond recovery. A big man physically, metaphysically, morally, and in all dimensions, was my factotum.

Not always, by any means, had he been the help of the minister; nay, rather, his horror. But a few years agone he was the first in the fray and the last to cry, "Hold, enough!" His old oaken staff, which he had hung up in his bedroom with this verse under it, "Let not the sun go down upon your wrath," would have reminded any boy reading the *Æneid* of the Cyclops' pine, and was dark-stained all round. The parish firesides were often stirred to hear the tales of the giant's mad doings when he and "John Barleycorn" were partners, and there were men who wrought nobly beside him in all good deeds carrying to their graves the scars he had left on their faces and forms. All that had passed from his life. But it never passed from his memory or from his prayers, or from his new zeal

and new service. He was, as even the young scoffers of the parish, who didn't believe in anything, confessed, undeniably and wholly another from what he had been. In his case "the fruits were meet for repentance." His fresh life did not, indeed, lie inside, and was not spent in piously applied and upturned hands, in eyes high-rolled till nothing but white could be seen, in whining tones and canting phrases; he was just his own old, natural, unaffected self, but he was a good man, and not bad, drunken, and quarrelsome.

His big head carried a big and closely convoluted brain. That brain must have wasted a vast amount of phosphorus. It did hard work and constant, as its owner tried to make up for almost no education. He had made largely a language for himself, to express most original thinking. The words were of no tongue I knew, nor any of my philological friends could affiliate; but they always set straight out before me the man's meaning, though often the question was how they should be spelled and in what characters. He made a new mental field for himself, and lived his own peculiar mental life and fought his own mental battles, economic, philosophical, ethical, and theological. He was always pondering some problem. Often, as I was riding homeward to my manse, would I hear a billowy voice and see a form like Polyphemus striding with five-feet stretches across the fresh-ploughed lea, and as the dike was stepped over as though it were but a big field-stone, out would come some question, plumbing down toward the depths of politics or morals or dogma; the words all *bizarre* and grotesque and self-minted, but stating a vital matter and demanding, at least, a manly and honest answer, though often defying an offhand reply that was either satisfactory or exhaustive. And what a will the great fellow had, as big and strong as his frame! Not one letter in the alphabet did he know when he faced right about to the light and to the right. Yet he resolved at once to gather the poorest village children and the bairns of some squatters and outcast women into a Sunday-school, and he learned to read by making these unkempt urchins "say their letters and their a-b abs" to him; and he taught himself "to figger" by making the older ones teach the younger, while he sat by, forsooth, to keep order! though at first he did not know whether the figures were upside down or not.

He was a stern and steadfast churchman of the Presbyterian order. The Shorter and the Larger Catechisms, which had been committed by his listening to their continual recitals in his school,

gave him, as he put it, his "cud for chewing"; and as he ruminated he extracted the pith and nutriment. His illustrations were often striking and original. "You laddies in the corner, stand up! What is the question the day?" With one voice they make answer: "Sin." "Na, na; that's nae question; naethin' but a word. What's the question? tell me it richt noo." Then it came, straight as a chain-shot: "What is sin?" After the answer had been given by each, and had been "cut into all its pairts" to the satisfaction of the catechetical anatomist, the illustration began after this fashion: "'Conformity unto the law of God!' Mark that, my laddies, and do not forget it, for there are fowk wha'll tell ye breaking awa' is the hale thing. Noo, let's see. Come awa' wi' me to the train: ye see the twa tracks; why, if yon big, guldherin' body of iron disna ever conform to the law of the twa tracks (and ye ken, lads, that the Scripthers teach twa things—your duty till God and till man), why, the hale big, strong, gran' thing will be spatthered into a thoosand whamjiflies." Then we were brought face to face with "the transgression of the law" after this fashion: "Trawnsgression—that's a lang-nebbed word; weel, it just means gangin' ower whaur ye always ought to keep inside. Now jist look at poor wee Tam here afore me. I tell't him last ploughin' time no to gang ower the quarry-fence, but he did it, and he had sore pain for a wheen o' months and will be a lameter a' his life. Boys, dinna gang ower any of the Loard's fences, that is, his laws, or ye'll be a lameter like mysel' a' your days."

He loved men to be honest in their faith-life, and had no patience with any sort of lax discipline in church-rule. One church there was which was always ready to open its doors to any comer. "Well, I suppose there must always be a slopbowl around for the dirty water ye throw out! But, man, I dinna like to see any kirk like my hopper yondher, that can mak' nae scatterment atween the fushionless chaff and bread-makin' grain, atween the deil's dirty husks and the Maister's clean wheat!" The "five points of Calvinism" were to him as sure as his own identity—yes, more so; for, as he put it once, "I could easily fancy mysel' anither; and at times I think I'm a legion, and often wish I were only dear old Molly M.: but I canna fancy God's word wrang." And for him there was but the Bible and his own strong-framed and firm-fixed faith on the one side and what he called "the ooter dairkness and the roarin' lion" on the other.

The men and women of all Scotch parishes that I have ever

known are nothing if they be not theological, and can only be truly seen in their own every-day light and on their own sod as theological disputants. Theology was a most favorite and very frequent theme with my factotum; and this was so, first, because everybody around talked and discussed its grave certainties and its dread possibilities; but, secondly and chiefly, because this strength-taxing field, with its stiff hills and deep hollows, its dazzling lights and thick clouds, exactly suited this sturdy student of mysteries in the homespun, with his big brain and his iron will. He had here as elsewhere his own points of vision, and they showed new views or threw old scenes out with fresh lights. Ian Mohr—so my huge helper shall be called—had one special antagonist, "Weaver Tam"; who, thrown again and again, and often badly, on by no means soft places, would always most gamely renew the combat. Weaver Tam was ever the assailant. A curiosity he was every way. He was a "Methody boady" in the stiffest of Calvinistic quarters; though I could never find out clearly how he had got his hold on grand old Wesley: Ian explained it to me once on the principle of the "general thrawnness of the boady," which meant his constant twistedness, or, as some in our land would call it, "cussedness." And Tam was every way twisted. His odd, pinched, pock-marked, weazened face, with its mummy-like skin, was twisted; his little, peering, deep-set, "fussy" eyes were twisted, for one was higher up than its fellow, and the upper orb studied you in a green light and the under orb regarded you in a gray; his body was twisted, for the left shoulder hitched up to his ear and the right seemed to be falling off behind; and his legs were twisted, like the old-fashioned bandy-legged tongs, one limb making due east and its twin-brother direct west; and his ways of looking at things were twisted, yes, the most twisted of all.

Constantly was I overtaking these two cronies—for though they ever fought like dog and cat, they were cronies; and it was a delightful relief, after a hard and wearing day through my vast parish with its hundred responsibilities, pastoral and magisterial and medical, to "pick them up," and, as I drove them homeward, listen to their unceasing debates and their most quaint tales. The richest and rarest of old and new parish stories would be told me, which I would gladly rehearse to you; but they must be told in their own terse, fresh, and vigorous "Doric" or not at all, for translation spoils them, and alas! translation for my hearers would be absolutely need-

ful. Dean Ramsay never retailed more witty sayings and stories more redolent of the heather, and true to the fast-dying type of the unmixed and ever unique Lowland farmer, grazier, weaver, minister, doctor, and "natural," than Weaver Tam and Big Ian were wont to tell as they came home, both sober, from the linen-market or the fair. And how the debates and discussions went on fast and furious all the way, with constant appeals to the clerical umpire, who was often deemed by the Calvinist champion as "unco bailanced in his opeenions regairdin' taingled skeins"; till the minister's trap was pulled up at Tam's cottage, with its well-thatched roof. Then out would come his kindly old wife, of the sweet mother-face and the laughing blue eye, to say "Hoot awa, Tam! at it again, deafenin' the minister with your haeverings as Ian and you dairken coonsil wi' words wi'oot knowledge."

And thus they would be at it; the subject is "falling from grace." Tam has dealt his foe some pretty neat blows in his own unlooked-for style; and has given me good reason honestly to score some points to his credit. The weaver has been denouncing the idea of a man "makin' the A'michty dae all the haird wark o' carrying him surely hame while the mon daes all the sinfu' kickin' against the Loard's commands": and he has just turned sharp round with one of his queer twists upon the farmer, "Man alive! can ye no see that your child o' grace is a poor, wakely thing, scarce weel born? but jist like the wee birdie within its shell, no able even to give one good scraich of itsel', jist leevin' and nae mair behind the shell; there's nae willin' and daein' yondher, let alane warking oot your ain salvaation!" All the while this hot fusillade was being rained on him, the big man was watching a huge black horse coming with a wild rush down a pretty steep hill of the "old quarry-road," yet speeding on without stumble or halt, for on his back was far and away the finest and most daring rider of the whole countryside, easy in his seat, yet as firm as a rock, sweeping the keen eyes of youth over the wide stretch of rolling land, but watching his horse with all a huntsman's care, lifting him as only fox-hunters know how at each huge stride, and steadying him by the skilfully tightened reins that held but never hampered. For me the sight of my young parishioner and his black steed was ever as good as a long breath of sea air; there was always freshness and freedom and dash there. "Jist noo mairk ye that laddie! Hoo the chiel maks yon auld *ramnolossus* spread himsel' ower the grun! I never

see that vast carcass o' horse-flesh I dinna think o' an ellyfant wi' the legs o' a deer and the wind o' a greyhun'; whish, hoo he scoors on!" Thus soliloquized Ian after his own fashion as "Master Wullie" came up, greeted us merrily, and sped on.

A short pause followed, which I may fill up by explaining "ramnolossus," Ian's name for the big black horse just disappearing over the crest of the hill. This word puzzled me for many a day. At last I found the solution. My friend and factotum had been away to the "big toun"; and while in London had gone to see the "wild beasts." He had been especially struck "wi' thawt moanster o' a baste which carries its hoarn on its snoot instead o' properly ahint its ears," and he had heard the keeper use the word "colossal," so he wrought up in his own way a knew word out of rhinoceros and colossal which passed over to Master Willie's black charger!

But now it immediately came out that the big Calvinist had shrewdly kept his straight-seeing blue eyes on the horse and his rider for the sake of his argument with Tam and for the defence of the faith in himself. Thus it came. "Tam! did ye watch, man, yon auld brute? Did ye mairk hoo Maisther Wullie never took his eyes aff him and never slacked the rein?" "Ech, man! I'm no sae blin' as no aften to have mairked all thawt!" "Weel! yon brute has eyesicht, has power (plenty o' it), and will; ay, man, as much will as wad be far mair than enough for a dizzen bastes, ye would say if ye had to shoe him." "Weel, Ian! what o' all that?" "Oh, jist this! what for does Maisther Wullie hold him so tight?" "Why, to keep him straicht on the road an' no let him stumble." "Ezzactly! and he has never yet broken his knees, e'en when he dashes in yon gallopadin' way down the steepest brae; the big horse alway has 'parsevered' on his richt maunner o' traivel jist because of the shairp eye and the stiff hand. Man! we need the eye and the bit and the bridle jist as muckle as yon stout horse; and what I undherstan' by ony saint's parsevairance is jist that the Loard—wha never slummers nor sleeps and never is weary—never takes his eyes nor his hands off his own, down hill or up brae!" There was silence—for Tam and I saw the big, bronzed, hairy, scarred hand steal stealthily across the blue eyes that had grown very moist; and I knew the humble soul was looking back at many a bad stumble ere he yielded to the Eye and Hand, and began his new way of not wearying in well-doing.

"CRAIGQUORN."

SEVASTOPOL IN MAY.*

On the boulevard of the besieged city of Sevastopol, not far from the pavilion, the regimental band was playing, and throngs of military men and of women moved gayly through the paths. The brilliant sun of spring had risen in the morning over the works of the English, had passed over the bastions, then over the city, over the Nikolaevsky barracks, and, illuminating all with equal cheer, had now sunk into the blue and distant sea, which was lighted with a silvery gleam, as it heaved in peace.

A tall, rather bent infantry officer, who was drawing upon his hand a glove which was clean, if not entirely white, came out of one of the small naval huts, built on the left side of the Morskoi Street, and, staring thoughtfully at the ground, took his way up the slope to the boulevard. The expression of this officer's homely countenance did not indicate any great mental capacity, but rather simplicity, judgment, honor, and a tendency to solid worth. He was badly built and constrained in his movements. He was dressed in a small worn cap, a cloak of a rather peculiar shade of lilac, from beneath the edge of which a gold watch-chain was visible; in trousers, with straps, and brilliantly polished calf-skin boots. As he ascended the boulevard at the present moment, he was meditating upon a letter which he had just received from a former comrade, now a retired land owner.

"When our *Invalid* arrives, Pupka [this was the name by which the retired Uhlan called his wife] rushes headlong into the vestibule, seizes the paper, and runs with it to the seat in the drawing-room (in which, if you remember, you and I passed such delightful winter evenings, when the regiment was stationed in our town), and reads your heroic deeds with such ardor as it is impossible for you to imagine. She often speaks of you. 'There is Mikhailoff,' she says, 'he's such a *love of a man*. I am ready to kiss him when I see him. He fights on the bastions, and he will surely receive the Cross of St. George, and he will be talked about in the newspapers . . .' and so on and so on . . . so that I am really beginning to be jealous of you.

"The papers reach us frightfully late, and although there is plenty of news conveyed by word of mouth, not all of it can be trusted. For instance, the *young ladies with the music*, acquaintances of yours, were saying yesterday, that Napoleon was already captured by our Cossacks, and that he had been sent to

* This sketch has been somewhat shortened, to meet the requirements of space.—*Trans.*

Petersburg; but you will comprehend how much I believe of this. Moreover, a traveller from Petersburg told us (he had been sent on special business by the minister, is a very agreeable person, and now that there is no one in town, is more of a *resource* to us than you can well imagine)—well, he declares it to be a fact, that our troops have taken Eupatoria, *so that the French have no communication whatever with Balaklava*, and that in this engagement two hundred of ours were killed, but that the French lost fifteen thousand. My wife was in such raptures that she declares her instinct tells her that you certainly took part and distinguished yourself."

In spite of the expressions which I have purposely put in italics, and the whole tone of the letter, Captain Mikhailoff recalled with inexpressibly sad delight the friendship of these two people for himself; all these faces, with their surroundings, flitted before his mind's eye, in a wonderfully sweet, cheerfully rosy light, and, smiling at his reminiscences, he placed his hand on the pocket which contained the letter so dear to him.

From reminiscences, Captain Mikhailoff involuntarily proceeded to dreams and hopes. "And what will be the joy and amazement of Natasha," he thought, as he paced along the narrow lane, "when she suddenly reads in the *Invalid* a description of how I was the first to climb upon the cannon, and that I have received the George! I shall certainly be promoted to a full captaincy, by virtue of seniority. Then it is quite possible that I may get the grade of major in the line, this very year, because many of our brothers have already been killed, and many more will be in this campaign. And after that there will be more affairs on hand, and a regiment will be intrusted to me, since I am an experienced man—lieutenant-colonel—the Order of St. Anna on my neck—colonel." And he was already a general, granting an interview to Natasha, the widow of his comrade, who would have died by that time, when the sounds of the music on the boulevard penetrated more distinctly to his ears, the crowds of people caught his eye, and he found himself on the boulevard a staff-captain as before.

When later the staff-captain crossed the threshold of his quarters, entirely different thoughts entered his mind. He looked around his little chamber, with its uneven earthen floor, and saw the windows all awry, pasted over with paper, his old bed, with a rug nailed over it, upon which was depicted a lady on horseback, and over which hung two Tula pistols, the dirty couch of a cadet who lived with him, and which was covered with a chintz coverlet; he saw his Nikita, who, with untidy, tallowed hair, rose from the floor, in the

act of scratching his head; he saw his ancient cloak, his extra pair of boots, and a little bundle, from which peeped a bit of cheese and the neck of a porter bottle, filled with vodka, which had been prepared for his use on the bastion, and all at once he remembered that he was obliged to go with his company that day to the fortifications.

"It is certainly foreordained that I am to be killed to-day," thought the captain. "I feel it, and the principal point is, that I need not have gone, but that I offered myself; and the man who thrusts himself forward is always killed. And what's the matter with that accursed Nepshisetzky? It is quite possible that he is not sick at all; and they will kill another man for his sake; they will infallibly kill him. However, if they don't kill me, I shall probably be promoted. I saw how delighted the regimental commander was when I asked him to allow me to go, in case Lieutenant Nepshisetzky was ill. If I don't turn out a major, then I shall certainly get the Vladimir cross. This is the thirteenth time that I have been to the bastion. Ah, the thirteenth is an unlucky number. They will surely kill me. I feel that I shall be killed; but some one had to go, it was impossible for the corps to go with the ensign. And whatever happens, the honor of the regiment, the honor of the army depends on it. It was my *duty* to go—yes, my sacred duty. But I have a foreboding."

The captain forgot that this was not the first time that a similar foreboding had assailed him in a greater or less degree, when it had been necessary to go to the bastion, and he did not know that every one who sets out on an affair experiences this foreboding with more or less force. Having calmed himself with this conception of duty, which was especially and strongly developed in the staff-captain, he seated himself at the table and began to write a farewell letter to his father. Ten minutes later, having finished his letter, he rose from the table, his eyes wet with tears, and, mentally reciting all the prayers he knew, set about dressing. His coarse, drunken servant indolently handed him his new coat (the old one, which the captain generally wore when going to the bastion, was not mended).

"Why is not my coat mended? You never do anything but sleep, you good-for-nothing!" said Mikhailoff, angrily.

"Sleep!" grumbled Nikita, "you run like a dog all day long; perhaps you stop—but you must not sleep, even then!"

"You are drunk again, I see."

"I didn't get drunk on your money, so you needn't scold."

"Hold your tongue, blockhead!" shouted the captain, who was

ready to strike the man; he had been absent-minded at first, but now he was at last out of patience, and embittered by the incivility of Nikita, whom he loved, even spoiled, and who had lived with him for twelve years.

"Blockhead? blockhead?" repeated the servant, "Why do you call me a blockhead, sir? Is this a time for that sort of thing? It is not good to curse."

Mikhailoff recalled whither he was on the point of going, and felt ashamed of himself.

"You are enough to put a saint out of patience, Nikita!" he said in a gentle voice. "Leave that letter to my father on the table, don't touch it," he added, turning red.

"Yes, sir," said Nikita, melting under the influence of the wine which he had drunk, as he had said, "at his own expense," and winking his eyes with a visible desire to weep.

But when the captain said: "Good-by, Nikita!" on the porch, Nikita suddenly broke down into constrained cries, and ran to kiss his master's hand. "Farewell, master!" he exclaimed, sobbing.

"But perhaps I shall only be wounded," meditated the captain, as he marched through the twilight to the bastion with his company. "But where? How? Here or here?" he thought, mentally indicating his belly and his breast. "If it should be here (he thought of the upper portion of his leg), it might run around. Well, but if it were here, and by a splinter—that would finish me!"

The captain reached the fortifications safely through the trenches, set his men to work, with the assistance of an officer of sappers, in the darkness, which was complete, and seated himself in a pit behind the breastworks. There was not much firing; only once in a while the lightning flashed from our batteries, then from *his*,* and the brilliant fuse of a bomb traced an arc of flame against the dark, starry heavens. But all the bombs fell far in the rear and to the right of the rifle-pit in which the captain sat. He drank his vodka, ate his cheese, lit his cigarette, and after saying his prayers, tried to get a little sleep.

Prince Galitzin, Lieutenant-Colonel Neferdoff and Praskukhin, whom no one had invited, to whom no one spoke, but who never left them, all went to drink tea with Adjutant Kalugin.

"Well, you did not finish telling me about Vaska Mendel," said

* The Russians called the French *he*.

Kalugin, as he took off his cloak, seated himself by the window in a soft lounging chair, and unbuttoned the collar of his fresh, stiffly starched cambric shirt. "How did he come to marry?"

"That's a joke, my dear fellow! There was a time, I assure you, when nothing else was talked of in P.," said Prince Galitzin with a laugh, as he sprang up from the piano, and seated himself on the window beside Kalugin; "it is simply ludicrous, and I know all the details of the affair."

And he began to relate in a merry, wise, and skilful manner, a love story which we will omit, because it possesses no interest for us. But it is worthy of note, that not only Prince Galitzin but all the gentlemen who had placed themselves, one on the window-sill, another with his legs coiled up under him, a third at the piano, seemed totally different persons from what they were when on the boulevard; there was nothing of that absurd arrogance and haughtiness which they and their kind exhibit in public to the infantry officers; here they were among their own set, and natural, especially Kalugin and Prince Galitzin, and were like very good, amiable, and merry children. The conversation turned on their companions in the service in Petersburg, and on their acquaintances.

"What of Maslovsky?"

"Which? the Uhlan of the body-guard or of the horse-guard?"

"I know both of them. The one in the horse-guard was with me when he was a little boy, and had only just left school. What is the elder one, a captain of cavalry?"

"O yes, long ago!"

And so forth and so forth, in the same strain.

Then Prince Galitzin seated himself at the piano and sang a gypsy song in magnificent style. Praskukhin began to sing a second, although no one had asked him, and he did it so well that they requested him to accompany the Prince again, which he gladly consented to do.

The servant came in with the tea, cream, and cracknels on a silver salver.

"Serve the Prince," said Kalugin.

"Really, it is strange to think," said Galitzin, taking a glass and walking to the window, "that we are in a beleaguered city; tea with cream, and such quarters as I should be only too happy to get in Petersburg."

"Yes, if it were not for that," said the old lieutenant-colonel,

who was dissatisfied with everything, "this constant waiting for something would be simply unendurable, and to see how men are killed, killed every day—and there is no end to it; and under such circumstances it would not be comfortable to live in the mud."

"And how about our infantry officers?" said Kalugin; "they live in the bastions with the soldiers in the casemates, and eat beet soup with the soldiers—how about them?"

"How about them? They don't change their linen for ten days at a time, and they are heroes—wonderful men."

At this moment an officer of infantry entered the room.

"I—I was ordered—may I present myself to the gen—to his excellency from General N.?" he inquired, bowing with an air of embarrassment.

Kalugin rose, but without returning the officer's salute, asked him with insulting courtesy and strained official smile, whether he would not wait for *them*,* and without inviting him to be seated, or paying any further attention to him, he turned to Prince Galitzin and began to speak in French, so that the unhappy officer, who remained standing in the middle of the room, absolutely did not know what to do with himself.

"It is on very important business, sir," said the officer, after a momentary pause.

"Ah! very well then," said Kalugin, putting on his cloak and accompanying him to the door.

"Eh bien, messieurs, I think there will be hot work to-night," said Kalugin in French, on his return from the general's.

"Hey, what, a sortie?" they all began to question him.

"I don't know yet—you will see for yourselves," replied Kalugin with a mysterious smile.

"And my commander is on the bastion—of course I shall have to go," said Praskukhin, buckling on his sword.

But no one answered him; he must know for himself whether he had to go or not.

Praskukhin and Neferdoff went off, in order to betake themselves to their posts. "Farewell, gentlemen." "*Au revoir*, gentlemen, we shall meet again to-night," shouted Kalugin from the window, as Praskukhin and Neferdoff trotted down the street, bending over the bows of their Cossack saddles. The trampling of their Cossack horses soon died away in the dusky street.

* A polite way of referring to the general in the plural.

"No, tell me, is something really going to take place to-night?" said Galitzin in French, as he leaned with Kalugin on the window-sill, and gazed at the bombs which were flying over the bastions.

"I can tell you, you see—you have been on the bastions, of course." Galitzin made a sign of assent, although he had been only once to the fourth bastion. "Well, there was a trench opposite our lunette;" and Kalugin, who was not a specialist, although he considered his judgment on military affairs particularly accurate, began to explain the position of our troops and of the enemy's works, and the plan of the proposed affair, mixing up the technical terms of fortification a good deal in the process.

"But they are beginning to hammer away at our casemates. Oho! was that ours or *his?* There, it has burst," they said as they lay on the window-sill, gazing at the fiery lines of the bombs which exploded in the air, at the lightning of the discharges, at the dark blue sky, momentarily illuminated, and at the white smoke of the powder, and listened to the sounds of the firing, which grew louder and louder.

"What a charming sight, is it not?" said Kalugin in French, directing the attention of his guest to the really beautiful spectacle. "Do you know, you cannot distinguish the stars from the bombs at times?"

"Yes, I was just thinking that that was a star; but it darted down—there, it has burst now. And that big star yonder—what is it called? It is just exactly like a bomb."

"Do you know, I have grown so used to these bombs that I am convinced that a starlight night in Russia will always seem to me to be all bombs; one gets so accustomed to them."

"But am not I to go on this sortie?" inquired Galitzin, after a momentary silence.

"Enough of that, brother, don't think of such a thing; I won't let you go," replied Kalugin. "Your turn will come, brother."

"Seriously. So you think that it is not necessary to go? Hey!"

At that moment a frightful crash of rifles was heard in the direction in which these gentlemen were looking, above the roar of the cannon, and thousands of small fires flaring up without intermission, flashed along the entire line.

"That's it, when the real work has begun!" said Kalugin. "That is the sound of the rifles, and I cannot hear it in cold blood; it

takes a sort of hold on your soul, you know. And there is the *hurrah!*" he added, listening to the prolonged and distant roar of hundreds of voices: "A-a-aa!" which reached him from the bastion.

"Whose is this hurrah, theirs or ours?"

"I don't know; but it has come to a hand-to-hand fight, for the firing has ceased."

At that moment an officer, followed by his Cossack, galloped up to the porch, and slipped down from his horse.

"Where from?"

"From the bastion. The general is wanted."

"Let us go. Well now, what is it?"

"They have attacked the lodgements—have taken them—the French have brought up their heavy reserves—they have attacked our forces—there were only two battalions," said the panting officer, who was the same that had come in the evening, drawing his breath with difficulty, but stepping to the door with perfect unconcern.

"Well, have they retreated?" inquired Galitzin.

"No," answered the officer, angrily. "The battalion came up and beat them back; but the commander of the regiment is killed, and many officers, and I have been ordered to ask for reënforcements."

And with these words he and Kalugin went off to the general, whither we will not follow them.

Five minutes later Kalugin was mounted on the Cossack's horse (and with that peculiar quasi-Cossack seat, in which, as I have observed, all adjutants see something especially captivating, for some reason or other), and rode at a trot to the bastion, in order to give some orders, and to await the news of the final result of the affair, and Prince Galitzin, under the influence of that oppressive emotion which the signs of a battle near at hand usually produce on a spectator who takes no part in it, went out into the street and began to pace up and down there without any object.

The soldiers were bearing the wounded on stretchers and supporting them by their arms. It was completely dark in the streets; now and then a light flashed in the hospital, or from the spot where the officers were seated. The same thunder of cannon and exchange of rifle-shots was borne from the bastions, and the same fires flashed against the dark heavens. Now and then you could hear the trampling hoofs of an orderly's horse, the groan of a

wounded man, the footsteps and voices of the stretcher-bearers, or the conversation of some of the frightened female inhabitants, who had come out on their porches to view the cannonade.

Prince Galitzin met more and more wounded men in stretchers and on foot, supporting each other, and talking loudly.

"When they rushed up, brothers," said one tall soldier who had two guns on his shoulder, in a bass voice, "when they rushed up and shouted, 'Allah, Allah!'* they pressed each other on. You kill one and others take his place—you can do nothing. You never saw such numbers as there were of them. . . ."

But at this point in his story Galitzin interrupted him.

"You come from the bastion?"

"Just so, your honor."

"Well, what has been going on there? Tell me."

"Why, what has been going on? They attacked in force, your honor, they climbed over the wall, and that's the end of it. They conquered completely, your honor."

"How conquered? You repulsed them, surely?"

"How could we repulse them when *he* came up with his whole force? He killed all our men, and there was no succor given us."

The soldier was mistaken, for the trenches were behind our forces; but this is a peculiar thing, which any one may observe: a soldier who has been wounded in an engagement always thinks that the day has been lost, and that the encounter has been a frightfully bloody one.

"Then what did they mean by telling me that you had repulsed them?" said Galitzin, with irritation. "Perhaps the enemy was repulsed after you left? Is it long since you came away?"

"I have this instant come from there, your honor," replied the soldier. "It is hardly possible, the trenches remained in his hands . . . *he* won a complete victory."

"Well, and are you not ashamed to have surrendered the trenches? This is horrible!" said Galitzin, angered by such indifference.

"What, when *he* was there in force?" growled the soldier.

"And, your honor," said a soldier on a stretcher, who had just come up with them, "how could we help surrendering when nearly all of us had been killed? If we had been in force, we would only have

* The Russians, during their wars with the Turks, had become so accustomed to this cry from the enemy, that they now always affirm that the French also shout, "Allah!"

surrendered with our lives. But what was there to do? I ran one man through, and then I was struck . . . o-oh! softly, brothers, steady, brothers, go more steadily . . . o-oh!" groaned the wounded man.

"There really seem to be a great many extra men coming this way," said Galitzin, again stopping the tall soldier with the two rifles. "Why are you walking off? Hey, there, you, stop!"

The soldier halted, and removed his cap with his left hand.

"Whither are you going, and why?" he shouted at him, sternly. "He . . ."

But approaching the soldier very closely at that moment, he perceived that the latter's right arm was bandaged and covered with blood far above the elbow.

"I am wounded, your honor."

"Wounded, how?"

"It must have been a bullet here," said the soldier, pointing to his arm, "but I cannot tell yet; my head has been broken by something;" and, bending over, he showed the hair upon the back of it all clotted together with blood.

"And whose gun is that second one you have?"

"A choice French one, your honor! I captured it; and I should not have come away if it had not been to accompany this soldier; he might fall down," he added, pointing at the soldier, who was walking a little in front, leaning upon his gun, and dragging his left foot heavily after him.

Prince Galitzin became all at once frightfully ashamed of his unjust suspicions. He felt that he was growing crimson, and turned away without questioning the wounded men further, and, without looking after them, he went to the place where the injured men were being cared for.

Having forced his way with difficulty through the wounded men who had come on foot and the stretcher-bearers who were entering with the wounded and emerging with the dead, Galitzin entered the first room, glanced round, and immediately and involuntarily turned back and ran into the street: it was too terrible!

The vast, dark, lofty hall, lighted only by the four or five candles which the doctors were carrying about to inspect the wounded, was literally full. The stretcher-bearers brought in the wounded, ranged them one beside the other on the floor, which was already so crowded that the unfortunate wretches hustled each other and sprinkled each

other with their blood, and then went forth for more. The pools of blood, which were visible on the unoccupied places, the hot breaths of several hundred men, and the steam which rose from those who were toiling with the stretchers, produced a certain peculiar, heavy, offensive atmosphere, in which the candles burned dimly in the different parts of the room. The dull murmur of diverse groans, sighs, death-rattles, broken now and again by a shriek, was borne throughout the apartment. Sisters, with tranquil faces and with an expression not of empty, feminine, tearfully sickly compassion but of active practical sympathy, flitted hither and thither among the blood-stained cloaks and shirts, stepping over the wounded with medicine, water, bandages, lint. Doctors, with their sleeves rolled up, knelt by the wounded, beside whom the student-assistant held the candles, inspecting, feeling, and probing the wounds in spite of the terrible groans and entreaties of the sufferers. One of the doctors was seated at a small table by the door, and at the moment when Galitzin entered the room he was just writing down number 532.

"Ivan Bogaeff, common soldier, third company, of the S. Regiment, *fractura femoris complicata!*" called another from the extremity of the hall, as he felt of the crushed leg. "Turn him over."

"O-oi, my fathers, you are our good fathers!" shrieked the soldier, beseeching them not to touch him.

"*Perforatio capitis.*"

"Semyon Neferdoff, Lieutenant-Colonel of the N. Regiment of infantry. Have a little patience, Colonel; you cannot be attended to like this; I will let you alone," said a third, picking away at the head of the unfortunate colonel with some sort of a hook.

"Ai! stop! Oi! for God's sake, quick, quick, for the sake a-a-a-a-! . . ."

"*Perforatio pectoris* . . . Sevastvyan Sereda, common soldier . . . of what regiment? However, you need not write that: *moritur.* Carry him away," said the doctor, abandoning the soldier, who was rolling his eyes, and already emitting the death-rattle.

Forty stretcher-bearers stood at the door awaiting the task of transporting the men who had been treated to the hospital and the dead to the chapel, and gazed at this picture in silence, only uttering a heavy sigh from time to time. . . .

On his way to the bastion Kalugin met numerous wounded men,

but, knowing from experience that such a spectacle has a bad effect on the spirits of a man on the verge of an action, he not only did not pause to interrogate them, but, on the contrary, tried not to pay any heed to them. At the foot of the hill he encountered an orderly, who was galloping from the bastion at full speed.

"Zobkin! Zobkin! stop a minute!"

"Well, what is it?"

"Whence come you?"

"From the lodgements."

"Well, how are things there? Hot?"

"Ah, frightfully!"

And the orderly galloped on.

In fact, although there was not much firing from the rifles, the cannonade had begun with fresh vigor and greater heat than ever.

"Ah, that's bad!" thought Kalugin, experiencing a rather unpleasant sensation, and there came to him, also, a presentiment, that is to say, a very usual thought—the thought of death. But Kalugin was an egoist and gifted with nerves of wood—in a word, he was what is called brave. He did not yield to his first sensation and began to rouse his courage. He called to mind a certain adjutant of Napoleon, who, after having given the command to advance, galloped up to Napoleon, his head all covered with blood.

"You are wounded!" said Napoleon to him.

"I beg your pardon, Sire, I am dead;" and the adjutant fell from his horse and died on the spot.

This seemed to him very fine, and he fancied that he somewhat resembled this adjutant.

Splinters whizzed near him and struck in the trenches. Another bomb rose in front of him and seemed to be flying straight at him. All of a sudden he felt terrified; he ran off five paces at full speed and lay down on the ground. But when the bomb burst, and at a distance from him, he grew dreadfully vexed at himself, and glanced about as he rose, to see whether any one had perceived him in his fall; but there was no one about.

When fear has once made its way into the mind, it does not speedily give way to another feeling. He, who had always boasted that he would never bend, hastened along the trench with accelerated speed, and almost on his hands and knees. "Ah! this is very bad!" he thought, as he stumbled, "I shall certainly be killed;" and, conscious of how difficult it was for him to breathe, and that the

perspiration was breaking out all over his body, he was amazed at himself, but he no longer strove to conquer his feelings.

All at once steps became audible in advance of him. He quickly straightened himself up, raised his head, and boldly clanking his sword, began to proceed at a slower pace than before. He did not know himself. When he joined the officer of sappers and the sailor who were coming to meet him, and the former called to him: "Lie down!" pointing to the bright speck of a bomb, which, growing ever brighter and brighter, swifter and swifter as it approached, crashed down in the vicinity of the trench, he only bent his head a very little and involuntarily, under the influence of the terrified shout, and went his way.

"Whew, what a brave man!" ejaculated the sailor, who had calmly watched the exploding bomb, and with practised glance at once calculated that its splinters could not strike inside the trench "—and he would not lie down."

Only a few steps remained to be taken across an open space before Kalugin would reach the casemate of the commander of the bastion, when he was again attacked by dimness of vision and that stupid sensation of fear; his heart began to beat more violently, the blood rushed to his head, and he was obliged to exert some self-command in order to reach the casemate.

"Why are you so flushed?" inquired the general, when Kalugin had communicated to him his orders.

"I have been walking very fast, your Excellency."

"Will you not take a glass of wine?"

Kalugin drank the wine and lighted a cigarette. The engagement had already come to an end, only the heavy cannonade continued on both sides. In the casemate sat General N., the commander of the bastion and six other officers, among whom was Praskukhin, discussing various details of the conflict. As he sat in this comfortable apartment, with blue hangings, with a sofa, a bed, a table, on which lay papers, a wall clock, and the holy pictures before which burned a lamp, gazing upon the signs of habitation and at the beams, an arshin (twenty-eight inches) thick, which formed the ceiling and listening to the shots which seemed weak in the casemate, Kalugin positively could not understand how he had twice permitted himself to be overcome with such unpardonable weakness. He was angry with himself, and longed for danger in order that he might subject himself to another trial.

"I am glad that you are here, Captain," he said to a naval officer with a large moustache and the cross of St. George, who entered the casemate at that moment, and asked the general to give him some men that he might repair the two embrasures on his battery which had been demolished. "The General ordered me to inquire," continued Kalugin, when the commander of the battery ceased to address the general, "whether your guns can fire grape-shot into the trenches?"

"Only one of my guns will do that," replied the captain, gruffly.

"Let us go and see, all the same."

The captain frowned and grunted angrily.

"I have already passed the whole night there, and I came here to try and get a little rest," said he; "cannot you go alone? My assistant, Lieutenant Kartz, is there, and he will show you everything."

The captain had now been, for six months, in command of this, one of the most dangerous of the batteries; and even when there were no casemates, he had lived, without relief, in the bastion, from the beginning of the siege; and among the sailors he bore a reputation for bravery. Therefore his refusal struck and amazed Kalugin particularly. "That's what reputation is worth!" he thought.

"Well, then, I will go alone if you will permit it," Kalugin said, in a somewhat bantering tone to the captain, who, however, paid not the slightest heed to his words.

But Kalugin did not reflect that he had passed, in all, at different times, perhaps fifty hours on the bastion, while the captain had lived there for six months. Kalugin was actuated, moreover, by vanity, by a desire to shine, by the hope of reward, of reputation, and by the charm of risk; but the captain had already gone through all that; he had been vain at first, he had displayed valor, he had risked his life, he had hoped for fame and guerdon, and had even obtained them; but these actuating motives had already lost their power over him; and he regarded the matter in another light: he fulfilled his duty with punctuality, understanding quite well, however, how small were the chances for his life which were left him; after a six months' residence in the bastion, he no longer risked these casualties, except in case of stern necessity, so that the young lieutenant, who had entered the battery a week previous to this time, and who was now showing it to Kalugin, in company with whom he took turns in thrusting himself out of the embrasure, or

climbing out on the banquette, seemed ten times as brave as the captain.

After inspecting the battery, Kalugin returned to the casemate and ran against the general in the dark, as the latter was ascending to the watch-tower with his ordnance officers.

"Captain Praskukhin!" said the general, "please to go to the first lodgement and say to the second battalion of the M. Regiment, which is at work there, that they are to abandon their work, to evacuate the place without making any noise, and to join their regiment, which is standing at the foot of the hill in the reserve. . . . Do you understand? Conduct them to their regiment yourself."

"Yes, sir."

And Praskukhin set out for the lodgement on a run. The firing was growing more infrequent.

"Is this the second battalion of the M. Regiment?" asked Praskukhin, hastening up to the spot, and running against the soldiers who were carrying earth in sacks.

"Exactly so."

"Where is the commander?"

Mikhailoff, supposing that the inquiry was for the commander of the corps, crawled out of his pit, and taking Praskukhin for the colonel, he stepped up to him with his hand at his visor.

"The general has given orders . . . that you . . . are to be so good as to go . . . as quickly as possible . . . and, in particular, as quietly as possible . . . not to the rear exactly, but to the reserve," said Praskukhin, glancing askance at the enemy's fires.

On recognizing Praskukhin and discovering the state of things, Mikhailoff dropped his hand, gave his orders, and the battalion started into motion, gathered up their guns, put on their cloaks, and set out.

No one who has not experienced it can imagine the delight which a man feels when he takes his departure after a three hours' bombardment from such a dangerous post as the lodgements. Several times, in the course of those three hours, Mikhailoff had, not without reason, considered his end as inevitable, and had grown accustomed to the conviction that he should infallibly be killed, and that he no longer belonged to this world. In spite of this, however, he had great difficulty in keeping his feet from running away with him

when he issued from the lodgements at the head of his corps, in company with Praskukhin. "*Au revoir*," said the major, the commander of another battalion, who was to remain there, and with whom he had shared his cheese as they sat in the pit behind the breastworks—"a pleasant journey to you."

"And may your stay here be pleasant. Things seem to have quieted down now."

But no sooner had he said this than the enemy, who must have observed the movement, began to fire faster and faster. Our guns began to reply to him, and again a heavy cannonade commenced. The stars were gleaming high, but not brilliantly, in the sky. The night was dark—you could hardly see your hand before you; only the flashes of the discharges and the explosions of the bombs illuminated objects for a moment. The soldiers marched on rapidly in silence, involuntarily treading close on each other's heels; all that was audible through the incessant discharges, was the measured sound of their footsteps on the dry road, the noise of their bayonets as they came in contact, or the sigh and prayer of some young soldier: "Lord, Lord! what is this?" Now and then the groan of a wounded man arose, and the shout: "Stretcher!" [In the company commanded by Mikhailoff, twenty-six men were killed in one night by the fire of the artillery alone.] The lightning flashed against the distant horizon, the sentry in the bastion shouted, "Can-non!" and the ball, shrieking over the heads of the corps, tore up the earth and sent the stones flying.

"Deuce take it! how slowly they march," thought Praskukhin, glancing back continually, as he walked beside Mikhailoff. "Really, it will be better for me to run on in front; I have already given the order. . . . But no; it might be said later on that I was a coward. What will be, will be; I will march with them."

"Now, why is he walking behind me?" thought Mikhailoff, on his side; "so far as I have observed, he always brings ill-luck. There it comes flying straight for us, apparently."

After traversing several hundred paces, they encountered Kalugin, who was going to the casemates, clanking his sword boldly as he walked, in order to learn, by the general's command, how the work was progressing there. But on meeting Mikhailoff, it occurred to him that, instead of going thither under that terrible fire, which he was not ordered to do, he could make minute inquiries of the officer who had been there. And, in fact, Mikhailoff furnished him with a

detailed account of the work. After walking a short distance with them, Kalugin turned into the trench which led to the casemates.

"Well, what news is there?" inquired the officer, who was seated alone at the table and eating his supper.

"Oh, nothing, apparently, except that there will not be any further conflict."

"How so? On the contrary, the general has but just gone up to the top of the works again. A regiment has already arrived. Yes, there it is . . . do you hear? The firing has begun again. Don't go. Why should you?" added the officer, perceiving the movement made by Kalugin.

"But I must be there without fail in the present instance," thought Kalugin, "but I have already subjected myself to a good deal of danger to-day; the firing is terrible."

"Well, after all, I had better wait for him here," he said.

In fact, the general returned twenty minutes later, accompanied by the officers who had been with him; among their number was the cadet, Baron Pesth, but Praskukhin was not with them. The lodgements had been captured and occupied by our forces.

After receiving a full account of the engagement, Kalugin and Pesth went out of the casemates.

"There is blood on your cloak; have you been having a hand-to-hand fight?" Kalugin asked him.

"Ah! 'tis frightful! Can you imagine? . . ."

And Pesth began to relate how he had led his company, how the commander of the company had been killed, how he had spitted a Frenchman, and how, if it had not been for him, the battle would have been lost.

The foundations for this tale that the company commander had been killed, and that Pesth had killed a Frenchman, were correct; but in giving the details the cadet had invented facts and bragged.

He bragged involuntarily, because, during the whole engagement, he had been in a kind of mist, and had forgotten himself to such a degree that everything which happened seemed to him to have happened to himself, somewhere, sometime, and with some one, and very naturally he had endeavored to bring out these details in a light which should be favorable to himself. But what had really taken place was this:

The battalion to which the cadet had been ordered for the

sortie had stood under fire for two hours near a wall; then the commander of the battalion had said something at the head, the company commanders had made a move, the battalion had got under way, had issued forth from behind the breastworks, had marched forward a hundred paces, and had come to a halt in columns. Pesth had been ordered to take his stand on the right flank of the second company.

The *yunker* (cadet) stood his ground, absolutely without knowing where he was, or why he was there, and with breath involuntarily restrained and a cold chill running down his spine, stared stupidly straight ahead into the dark beyond in the expectation of something terrible. But since there was no firing in progress, he did not feel so much terrified, but queer and strange at finding himself outside the fortress in the open plain. Again the battalion commander ahead said something. Again the officers conversed in whispers as they communicated the orders, and the black wall of the first company disappeared. They had been ordered to lie down. The second company lay down also, and Pesth, in the act, pricked his hand on something sharp. The only man who did not lie down was the commander of the second company. His short form with the naked sword, which he was flourishing, talking incessantly the while, moved about in front of the troop.

"Children! my lads, look at me! Don't fire at them, but have at them with your bayonets, the dogs! When I shout, 'Hurrah!' follow me close. The chief thing is to be as close together as possible. Let us show what we are made of; do not let us cover ourselves with shame; shall we, hey, my children? For our father the Czar!"

"What is our company commander's surname?" Pesth inquired of a *yunker* who was lying beside him. "What a brave fellow he is!"

"Yes, he's always that way in a fight," answered the *yunker*. "His name is Lisinkovsky."

At that moment a flame flashed up in front of the company, there was a crash which deafened them all, stones and splinters flew high in the air [fifty seconds, at least, later a stone fell from above and crushed the foot of a soldier]. This was a bomb from an elevated platform, and the fact that it fell in the midst of the company proved that the French had caught sight of the column.

"So they are sending bombs! Just let us get at you, and you

shall feel the bayonet of a three-sided Russian—curse you!" shouted the commander of the company in so loud a tone that the battalion commander was forced to order him to hold his peace and not to make so much noise.

After this, the first company rose to their feet, and after it the second. They were ordered to fix bayonets, and the battalion advanced. Pesth was so terrified that he absolutely could not recollect whether they advanced far, or whither, or who did what. He walked like a drunken man. But all at once millions of fires flashed from all sides, there was a whistling and a crashing. He shrieked and ran off somewhere because they were all shrieking and running. Then he stumbled and fell upon something. This was the company commander [who had been wounded at the head of his men, and who, taking the *yunker* for a Frenchman, seized him by the leg]. Then when he had freed his leg and risen to his feet, some man bounded against his back in the dark and almost knocked him down again; another man shouted: "Run him through! What are you staring at!"

Then some one seized a gun and ran the bayonet into something soft. "Ah, Dieu!" exclaimed some one else in a terribly piercing voice, and then only did Pesth discover that he had transfixed a Frenchman. The cold sweat started out all over his body, he shook as though in a fever, and flung away the gun. But this lasted only a moment; it immediately occurred to him that he was a hero. He seized the gun again, and, shouting "Hurrah!" with the crowd, he rushed away from the dead Frenchman. After having traversed about twenty paces, he came to the trench. There he found our men and the company commander.

"I have run one man through!" he said to the commander.

"You're a brave fellow, Baron!"

"But do you know Praskukhin has been killed?" said Pesth, accompanying Kalugin, who had stepped up to him.

"It cannot be!"

"But it can; I saw him myself."

"Farewell; I am in a hurry."

"I am well content," thought Kalugin as he returned home; "I have had luck for the first time when on duty. That was a capital engagement, and I am alive and whole; there will be some fine presentations and I shall certainly get a golden sword. And I deserve it, too."

After reporting to the general all that was necessary, he went to his room, in which sat Prince Galitzin, who had returned long before, and who was reading a book which he had found on Kalugin's table while waiting for him.

It was with a wonderful sense of enjoyment that Kalugin found himself at home again out of all danger; and having donned his night-shirt and lain down on the sofa, he began to relate to Galitzin the particulars of the affair, communicating them, naturally, from that point of view from which these details proved that he, Kalugin, was a very active and valiant officer; to which, in my opinion, it was superfluous to refer, seeing that every one knew it and that no one had any right to doubt it, with the exception, perhaps, of the deceased Captain Praskukhin, who, in spite of the fact that he had considered it a stroke of luck to walk arm in arm with Kalugin, had told a friend, only the evening before, in private, that Kalugin was a very fine man, but that, between you and me, he was terribly averse to going to the bastion.

No sooner had Praskukhin, who had been walking beside Mikhailoff, taken leave of Kalugin, and, betaking himself to a safer place, had begun to recover his spirits somewhat than he caught sight of a flash of lightning flaring up vividly behind him, heard the shout of the sentinel: "Mor-tar!" and the words of the soldiers who were marching behind: "It's flying straight at the bastion!"

Mikhailoff glanced round. The brilliant point of the bomb seemed to be suspended directly in the zenith, in such a position that it was absolutely impossible to determine its course. But this lasted only for a second; the bomb came faster and faster, nearer and nearer, so that some of the sparks of the fuse were already visible and the fateful whistle audible, and descended straight in the middle of the battalion.

"Lie down!" shouted a voice.

Mikhailoff and Praskukhin threw themselves on the ground. Praskukhin shut his eyes and only heard the bomb crash against the hard earth somewhere in the vicinity. A second passed, which seemed an hour—and the bomb had not burst. Praskukhin was alarmed; had he felt cowardly for nothing? Perhaps the bomb had fallen at a distance and it merely seemed to him that the fuse was hissing somewhere. He opened his eyes and saw with satisfaction that Mikhailoff was lying motionless on the earth at his very feet. But then his eyes encountered for a moment the glowing fuse

of the bomb, which was twisting about at a distance of an arshin from him.

A cold horror, which excluded every other thought and feeling, took possession of his whole being. He covered his face with his hands.

Another second passed—a second in which a whole world of thoughts, feelings, hopes and memories flashed through his mind.

"Which will it kill, Mikhailoff or me, or both together? And if it is I, where will it strike? If in the head, then all is over with me; but if in the leg, they will cut it off, and I shall ask them to be sure and give me chloroform, and I may still remain among the living. But perhaps no one but Mikhailoff will be killed; then I will relate how we were walking along together, and how he was killed and his blood spurted over me. No. It is nearer to me. It will kill me!"

Then he remembered the twenty rubles which he owed Mikhailoff, and recalled another debt in Petersburg which ought to have been paid long ago; the gypsy air which he had sung the previous evening recurred to him. The woman whom he loved appeared to his imagination in a cap with lilac ribbons. A man who had insulted him five years before, and whom he had not paid off for his insult, came to his mind, though inextricably interwoven with these and with a thousand other memories the feeling of the moment—the fear of death—never deserted him for an instant. "But perhaps it will not burst!" he thought, and with the decision of despair he tried to open his eyes. But at that instant, through the crevice of his eyelids, his eyes were smitten with a red flash, and something struck him in the centre of the breast with a frightful crash. He ran off, he knew not whither, stumbled over his sword, which had got between his legs, and fell over on his side.

"Thank God, I am only bruised!" was his first thought, and he tried to touch his breast with his hands, but his arms seemed fettered, and pincers were pressing his head. The soldiers flitted before his eyes, and he unconsciously counted them. "One, two, three soldiers, and there is an officer wrapped up in his cloak," he thought. Then a flash passed before his eyes, and he thought that something had been fired off. Was it the mortars or the cannon? It must have been the cannon. And there was still another shot, and there were more soldiers—five, six, seven soldiers were passing by him. Then suddenly he felt afraid that they would crush him. He

wanted to shout to them that he was bruised, but his mouth was so dry that his tongue clove to his palate, and he was tortured by a frightful thirst. He felt that he was wet about the breast. This sensation of dampness reminded him of water, and he even wanted to drink this, whatever it was. "It must have brought the blood when I fell," he thought, and beginning to give way more and more to terror lest the soldiers who passed should crush him, he collected all his strength, and tried to cry, "Take me with you!" But instead of this he groaned so terribly that it frightened him to hear himself. Then some more red fires flashed in his eyes, and it seemed to him as though the soldiers were laying stones upon him, the fires danced more and more rarely, the stones which they piled on him oppressed him more and more. He exerted all his strength in order to cast off the stones. He stretched himself out, and no longer saw, or heard, or thought, or felt anything. He had been killed on the spot by a splinter in the middle of the breast.

Mikhailoff, on catching sight of the bomb, fell to the earth, and, like Praskukhin, he went over, in thought and feeling, an incredible amount in those two seconds while the bomb lay there unexploded. He prayed to God mentally, and kept repeating, "Thy will be done!" "And why did I enter the military service?" he thought at the same time, "and why, again, did I exchange into the infantry in order to take part in this campaign? Would it not have been better for me to have remained in the regiment of Uhlans, in the town of T——, and to have passed the time with my friend Natasha? And now this is what has come of it." And he began to count: "One, two, three, four," guessing that if it burst on the even number he would live, but if on the uneven number, then he should be killed. "All is over; killed," he thought, when the bomb burst (he did not remember whether it was on the even or the uneven number), and he felt a blow and a sharp pain in his head. "Lord, forgive my sins," he murmured, folding his hands, then rose and fell back senseless.

His first sensation, when he came to himself, was the blood which was flowing from his nose, and a pain in his head, which had become less powerful. "It is my soul departing," he thought. "What will it be like *there?* Lord, receive my soul in peace. But one thing is strange," he thought, "and that is, that, though dying, I can still hear so plainly the footsteps of the soldiers and the reports of the shots."

"Send some bearers! Hey, there! The captain is killed!" shouted a voice over his head which he unconsciously recognized as the voice of his drummer, Ignatieff.

Some one grasped him by the shoulders. He made an effort to open his eyes, and saw overhead the dark blue heavens, the clusters of stars, and two bombs, which were flying over him, one after the other; he saw Ignatieff, the soldiers with the stretcher, the guns, the walls of the trench, and all at once he became convinced that he was not yet in the other world.

He had been slightly wounded in the head with a stone. His very first impression was one resembling regret. He had so beautifully and so calmly prepared himself for transit *thither*, that a return to reality, with its bombs, its trenches and its blood, produced a disagreeable effect on him. His second impression was an involuntary joy that he was alive, and the third, a desire to leave the bastion as speedily as possible. The drummer bound up his commander's head with his handkerchief, and, taking him under the arm, led him to the place where the bandaging was going on.

"But whither am I going, and why?" thought the staff-captain, when he recovered his senses a little. "It is my duty to remain with my men, and not to go on in advance; the more so as they will soon be out of range of the fire," some voice whispered to him.

"Never mind, brother," he said, pulling his arm away from the obliging drummer. "I will not go to the bandaging place. I will remain with my men."

And he turned back.

"You had better have your wound properly attended to, your honor," said Ignatieff. "In the heat of the moment it seems as if it were a trifle; but it will be the worse if not attended to. There is some inflammation rising there; really now, your honor."

Mikhailoff paused for a moment in indecision, and would have followed Ignatieff's advice, in all probability, had he not called to mind how many severely wounded men there must needs be at the bandaging place. "Perhaps the doctor will smile at my scratch," thought the staff-captain, and he returned with decision to his men, wholly regardless of the drummer's admonitions.

"And where is Ordnance Officer Praskukhin, who was walking with me?" he asked the ensign, who was leading the corps when they met.

"I don't know; killed, apparently," replied the ensign, reluctantly.

"How is it that you do not know whether he was killed or wounded? He was walking with us. And why have you not carried him with you?"

"How could it be done, brother, when the place was so hot for us?"

"Ah, how could you do such a thing, Mikhail Ivanitch?" said Mikhailoff, angrily. "How could you abandon him if he was alive? And if he was dead, you should still have brought away his body."

"How could he be alive when, as I tell you, I went up to him and saw?" returned the ensign. "As you like, however. Only his own men might carry him off. Here, you dogs! The cannonade has abated," he added.

Mikhailoff sat down and clasped his head, which the motion caused to pain him terribly.

"Yes, I must go and get him without fail. Perhaps he is still alive," said Mikhailoff. "It is our *duty*, Mikhail Ivanitch."

Mikhail Ivanitch made no reply.

"He did not take him at the time, and now the soldiers must be sent alone, and how can they be sent? Their lives may be sacrificed in vain under that hot fire," thought Mikhailoff.

"Children, we must go back and get the officer who was wounded there in the ditch," he said, in not too loud and commanding a tone, for he felt how unpleasant it would be to the soldiers to obey his order; and, in fact, as he did not address any one in particular by name, no one set out to fulfil it.

"It is quite possible that he is already dead, and it is *not worth while* to subject the men to unnecessary danger. I alone am to blame for not having seen to it. I will go myself and learn whether he is alive. It is my *duty*," said Mikhailoff to himself.

"Mikhail Ivanitch, do you lead the men forward and I will overtake you," he said, and, pulling up his cloak with one hand, and with the other constantly touching the image of Saint Mitrofany, in which he cherished a special faith, he set off on a run along the trench.

Having convinced himself that Praskukhin was dead, he dragged himself back, panting and supporting with his hand the loosened bandage and his head, which began to pain him severely. The battalion had already reached the foot of the hill and a place almost

out of range of shots, when Mikhailoff overtook it. I say *almost* out of range, because some stray bombs struck here and there.

"At all events, I must go to the hospital to-morrow and put down my name," thought the staff-captain, as the medical student assisting the doctors bound his wound.

Hundreds of bodies freshly smeared with blood, of men who, two hours previous, had been filled with divers lofty or petty hopes and desires, now lay with stiffened limbs in the dewy, flowery valley which separated the bastion from the trench and on the level floor of the chapel for the dead in Sevastopol; hundreds of men crawled, twisted, and groaned with curses and prayers on their parched lips, some amid the corpses in the flower-strewn vale, others on stretchers, on cots, and on the blood-stained floor of the hospital; and still, as on the days preceding, the red dawn burned over Mount Sapun, the twinkling stars paled, the white mist spread abroad from the dark, sounding sea, the red glow illuminated the east, long crimson cloudlets darted across the bright blue horizon; and still, as on days preceding, the powerful, all-beautiful sun rose up, giving promise of joy, love, and happiness to all who dwell in the world.

On the following evening the band of the chasseurs was playing again on the boulevard, and again officers, cadets, soldiers, and young women were promenading in festive guise about the pavilion and through the low-hanging alleys of fragrant white acacias in bloom.

Kalugin, Prince Galitzin, and some colonel or other, were walking arm in arm near the pavilion, and discussing the engagement of the day before. As always happens in such cases, the chief governing thread of the conversation was not the engagement itself, but the part which those who were narrating the story of the affair had taken in it.

Their faces and the sound of their voices had a serious, almost melancholy expression, as though the loss of the preceding day had touched and saddened them deeply; but, to tell the truth, as none of them had lost any one very near to him, this expression of sorrow was an official expression, which they merely felt it to be their duty to exhibit. On the contrary, Kalugin and the colonel, notwithstanding the fact that they were very fine fellows, were ready to see an engagement of the same sort every day, provided that they might receive a gold sword, or the rank of major-general. I like it when any warrior who destroys millions to gratify his ambition is called a

monster. Only question any Ensign Petrushkoff, Sub-lieutenant Antonoff, and so on, on their word of honor, and every one of us is a petty Napoleon, a petty monster, and ready to bring on a battle on the instant, to murder a hundred men, merely for the sake of receiving an extra cross or an increase of a third in his pay.

"No; excuse me," said the colonel, "it began first on the left flank. *I was there myself.*"

"Possibly," answered Kalugin. "*I was more on the right; I went thither twice. Once I was in search of the general, and the second time I went merely to inspect the lodgements. It was a hot place.*"

"Yes; of course Kalugin knows," said Prince Galitzin to the colonel. "You know that B—— told *me* to-day that you were a brave fellow."

"But the losses—the losses were terrible," said the colonel. "*I lost four hundred men from my regiment. It's a wonder that I escaped from there alive.*"

At this moment the figure of Mikhailoff, with his head bandaged, appeared at the other extremity of the boulevard, coming to meet these gentlemen.

"What! are you wounded, captain?" said Kalugin.

"Yes, slightly, with a stone," replied Mikhailoff.

"Has the flag been lowered yet?" inquired Prince Galitzin, in French, gazing over the staff-captain's cap, and addressing himself to no one in particular.

"No, not yet," answered Mikhailoff, who wished to show that he understood and spoke French.

"Is the truce still in force?" said Galitzin, addressing him courteously in Russian, and thereby intimating—so it seemed to the captain—"It must be difficult for you to speak French, so why is it not better to talk in your own tongue simply? . . ." And with this the adjutants left him. The staff-captain again felt lonely, as on the preceding evening, and, exchanging salutes with various gentlemen—some he did not care, and others he did not dare, to join—he seated himself near Kazarsky's monument and lighted a cigarette.

Baron Pesth also had come to the boulevard. He had been telling how he had gone over to arrange the truce, and had conversed with the French officers, and he declared that one French officer had said to him: "If daylight had not lasted for another half hour these ambushes would have been retaken," and that he had replied:

"Sir! I refrain from saying no, in order not to give you the lie," and how well he had said it, and so on.

But, in reality, although he had had a hand in the truce, he had not dared to say anything very particular there, although he had been very desirous of talking with the French (for it is terribly jolly to talk with Frenchmen). *Yunker* Baron Pesth had marched up and down the line for a long time, incessantly inquiring of the Frenchmen who were near him: "To what regiment do you belong?" They answered him, and that was the end of it. When he walked too far along the line, the French sentry, not suspecting that this soldier understood French, cursed him over a third person's shoulders. "He has come to spy out our works, the cursed ———," said he; and, in consequence, *yunker* Baron Pesth, taking no further interest in the truce, went home, and thought out on the way thither those French phrases which he had now repeated. Captain Zoboff was also on the boulevard, talking loudly, and Captain Obzhogoff in a very dishevelled condition, and an artillery captain, who courted no one and was happy in the love of the *yunkers*, and all the faces which had been there on the day before, and all still actuated by the same motives. No one was missing except Praskukhin, Neferdoff, and some others whom hardly any one remembered or thought of now, though their bodies were not yet washed, laid out, and interred in the earth.

White flags had been hung out from our bastion and from the trenches of the French, and in the blooming valley between them lay disfigured corpses, shoeless, in garments of gray and blue, which laborers were engaged in carrying off and heaping upon carts. The odor of the dead bodies filled the air. Throngs of people had poured out of Sevastopol and from the French camp to gaze upon this spectacle, and they pressed, one after the other, with eager and benevolent curiosity.

The flowery vale is filled with dead bodies, the splendid sun sinks into the blue sea, and the blue sea undulates and glitters in the golden rays of the sun. Thousands of people congregate, gaze, talk, and smile at each other. And why do not Christian people, who profess the one great law of love and self-sacrifice, when they behold what they have wrought, fall in repentance upon their knees before Him who, when He gave them life, implanted in the soul of each of them, together with a fear of death, a love of the good and the

beautiful, and with tears of joy and happiness embrace each other like brothers? No! But it is a comfort to think that it was not we who began this war, that we are only defending our own country, our fatherland. The white flags have been hauled in, and again the weapons of death and suffering are shrieking, again innocent blood is shed and groans and curses are audible.

I have now said all that I wish to say at this time. But a heavy thought overmasters me. Perhaps it should not have been said, perhaps what I have said belongs to one of those evil truths which, unconsciously concealed in the soul of each man, should not be uttered, lest they become pernicious: as a cask of wine should not be shaken lest it be thereby spoiled.

Where is the expression of evil which should be avoided; where is the expression of good which should be imitated, in this sketch? Who is the villain, who the hero? All are good and all are evil.

Neither Kalugin, with his brilliant bravery—*bravoure de gentilhomme*—and his vanity, the instigator of all his deeds; nor Praskukhin, the empty-headed, harmless man, though he fell in battle for the faith, the throne, and his native land; nor Mikhailoff, with his shyness; nor Pesth, a child with no firm convictions or principles, can be either the heroes or the villains of the tale.

The hero of my tale, whom I love with all the strength of my soul, whom I have tried to set forth in all his beauty, and who has always been, is, and always will be most beautiful, is—the truth.

COUNT TOLSTOÏ.*

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* Translated from the Russian by I. F. Hapgood.

CRITICISMS, NOTES, AND REVIEWS.

EARLY AMERICAN MAGAZINES.

THE first magazine of any note in this country was "*The American Museum;* A Repository of Ancient and Modern Fugitive Pieces, &c., Prose and Poetical. Printed at Philadelphia by Matthew Carey. 1786." Carey himself was a "fugitive piece" of Irish dynamite, a born newspaper man, who started a journal almost as soon as he touched our shores, and continued it till he was wounded in a duel with a rival editor. During the six years in which he edited it the *Museum* was full of life and interest, but afterward grew intolerably heavy, and deservedly perished in its tenth year. In his preface to the second volume he admitted that public opinion had been against the enterprise at the beginning, so that he had only twenty subscribers for his first number, but claimed that results had vindicated his judgment as to the need of such a storehouse for the winnowed contents of the newspapers. An idea of the scope of this collection may be gained from the fact that the earlier volumes contain Paine's "Common Sense," "The Federalist," Washington's "Farewell Address," Trumbull's epic poem, "McFingal," "Remarks on the Late Insinuations against Gen. Washington," "A Receipt for the Cure of Scurvy," and "On Preserving Parsnips and Turnips." The second volume begins with an involuntary symposium on paper money, by Dr. Franklin and others. Franklin's writings constantly appear. A curious little estimate is made of the "Value of Various Estates in Europe," the Duke of Orleans heading the list with £300,000, followed by a Russian nobleman with £170,000, and Sir Watkin Wynn bringing up the rear with £35,000. What would the writer have said could his eyes have foreseen this day of the Vanderbilts and Rothschilds and the California "kings"?

The printed list of subscribers to this second volume is a striking one. It includes General Washington and "J. Madison, Esq.," of Virginia; "His Excellency Benj. Franklin, Esq.," United States Senator Robert Morris, and "Mr. Albert Gallatin," of Pennsylvania; Gov. William Livingston, Elias Boudinot, Esq., and the Whig and Cliosophic Societies of Princeton College, from New Jersey; and of New York, Col. Aaron Burr, "Hon. A. Hamilton," His Excellency John Jay, Chancellor Livingston, and "Noah Webster, Jr., Esq." (who was just then plunging himself into debt by his one year's experiment with *The American Magazine*). But we fear that there was more glitter than gold in good Matthew Carey's subscription list. In

the prefatory note alluded to he says, with some naïveté: "After careful examination of the various shoals on which periodical publications have been wrecked, I am in dread of only one, which I am almost ashamed to intimate. The shoal, the danger which I deprecate, is the want of due punctuality in paying the subscriptions."

The first American magazine to take much root was Joseph Dennie's *Portfolio*, begun in Philadelphia in 1801, conducted by him till his death eleven years afterward, and then "declining and falling off" till it also died, in 1827. It began as a weekly, but soon expanded into a monthly, and its price was $6 a year. It was strongly patriotic, giving a great deal of attention to American history, and presenting rude portraits of distinguished Americans, particularly from the army and navy. It made a specialty of noticing current literature—in fact, toward the end it became little more than "Book Notices." It was distinctly Addisonian in style and flavor and in the pseudonyms of the writers, such as "Oliver Oldschool," "Peter Pendulum," and "Samuel Saunter." Dennie was perhaps the raciest writer of his day. He was always devising new methods of serving his literary dishes. He would appear as the "Lay Preacher," "The Rural Wanderer," "The Hermit," and even as "The Wandering Jew"; or he would write "The Farrago," or hail from the firm of "Colon & Spade," or from "The Desk of Beri Hesden." His "Answers to Correspondents" was an entertaining feature of the magazine, but whether the correspondents were all actual persons may well be doubted, as, like every other periodical of the day, pecuniary recompense was a thing unheard of, and the editor usually did most of the "contributing" himself, at starvation wages.

In 1803 appeared "*The Monthly Anthology and Boston Review*, containing Sketches and Reports of Philosophy, Religion, History, Art, and Manners. Edited by Per-se." Its fanciful title and its high-flown preface prepare one to find its first contents consisting of the regulation moral essays, written in modulated and balanced periods, and in a painfully fastidious style, which seems incapable of calling a spade a spade. Its prose is modelled after Addison and Johnson. Its poetry echoes of Thomson, Beattie, and Akenside, and is full of "zephyrs" and "groves" and "cots." Its birds always "warble," and its poets (or "bards") compete with the birds in being known as "minstrels." The poetic mind was being perpetually "ravished" or "rapt." Corydon and Strephon and Phyllis were passing away, but Edward and Eliza and Rodolpho were still regnant in the realm of romance and rural verse. The fiction of the period was a feeble imitation of *Rasselas*, and the like thinly disguised moral essays. Sentimentality, platitude, and long-windedness were the order of the day, but not without protest from "the reading public." The editor complains of being censured for a "want of amusing anecdotes and wonderful stories," and disdains to insult his readers with a "gallimanfry" of "witless jests, silly puns, and nonsensical sonnets." And yet we are told that *The Anthology* numbered among its contributors such men as President Kirkland, John Quincy Adams, Buck-

minster, and George Ticknor. The trouble was a financial inability to be independent as to contributors, or even to secure unity and responsibility in the editorship—or, as the editor expresses it, in having to depend upon "the unpaid and unregulated contributions of a few literary men." He also alleges as an excuse for "the paucity of original contributions," that "American literature is a kind of half-cleared and half-cultivated country, where you may travel till you are out of breath without starting any new game!"

The lighter literature of our country found its chief outlet prior to 1850 in *The Mirror*, *Graham's Magazine*, and *The Knickerbocker*. George P. Morris and N. P. Willis were the Damon and Pythias of journalism. From 1830, when Willis joined the fortunes of his *American Monthly* with those of Morris's seven-year-old *N. Y. Mirror*, they were in almost Siamese relations in this respect until the death of General Morris in 1867, after having conducted successively *The Mirror*, *The Evening Mirror*, *The New Mirror*, and *The Home Journal*. Though only the first was a monthly, these publications were all distinctly literary. They were mostly as light as whipped syllabub, but it was the foam from which the ultimate Venus of the American magazine was to spring. Willis was very open-eyed and hospitable to budding merit, and an extraordinary number of our best writers first saw their literary faces in these *Mirrors*. An essential link would have been missing in our periodical development if this firm had not existed. Their publications were level with the literary taste and culture of the time, and were a more educating influence than if they had struck higher. And even now we turn with relief to their delightfully rambling and sentimental pages, from the fund of useful information and fine-spun serials which characterize the typical magazine of to-day.

Among the contributors to *The Mirror* were Bryant, Halleck, Charles Fenno Hoffman, and Epes Sargent. But the vitality and tone, the inimitable sparkle and *bouquet*, were imparted by Willis. Probably no man of equal powers ever so distilled his intellectual essence into merely ephemeral forms. The very titles under which he wrote indicate his own consciousness of this self-frittering—such as "The Rag Bag," "Hurrygraphs," "Loiterings of Travel," "Fun Jottings; or, Laughs I have taken a Pen to." Two of his best and most enduring series, "Pencillings by the Way" and "Letters from under a Bridge," were contributed to *The Mirror*, besides some of his best poetry.

Graham's, which flourished from 1840 to the new era inaugurated by *Putnam's Magazine*, was of a higher order, though gotten up too much after the similitude of the Ladies' Books of the day. Its success was undoubtedly due to the fact that, for the first time in the history of American periodicals, the proprietor paid for articles with some approach to a remuneration, and thus could command the best of the market. And yet poor Willis speaks of it as a great stroke of fortune to have received from Graham $50 for one of his longest and best stories. Our own chief recollection of the mag-

azine is of a rather characterless cover, which it bore in common with most of the periodicals of that time, weak in color, and traced over with aimless flourishes and vines.

William E. Burton, the actor, tried his hand about this time in a short-lived *Gentleman's Magazine*, but seems to have been as much mistaken about his genius in this case as when he made his theatrical début as a tragedian, and was laughed and jeered into low comedy.

The Dial came next. We approach this marvellous and unique publication with awe, and leave it with hasty feet. It was the preliminary explosion of gas which the long-smouldering literary spirit of the New World threw off in clearing itself for its brilliant work of the last fifty years. *The Dial* was too sublimated for "human nature's (quarterly) food." Carlyle described it to Emerson as "spirit-like, aëriform, aurora-borealis-like," and queried: "Will no angel body himself out of that, no stalwart Yankee *man* with color in the cheeks of him and a coat on his back?" Was not this anxious inquiry satisfactorily answered in the work which Emerson, Thoreau, Ripley, Hedge, Dwight, Lowell, Freeman Clarke, and others have since done and set others to doing for an American literature? After four years of existence, which brought it a great many more kicks than half-pence, and which nearly wore out poor Margaret Fuller with unpaid editorial toil and responsibility, "this little aspiring starveling" lay down and died—of lack of porridge rather than of breath to blow it.

The dear old *Knickerbocker!* Was there ever a magazine, unless "Old Ebony" itself, which so won the hearts of its constituency? The secret of this was not in its contributors, but in the "Editor's Table" and "Gossip with Readers and Correspondents." Lewis Gaylord Clark was the prince of gossips. He had not the slightest conception of the editor as a "Great Unknown," or of his chair as anything more dignified than a *tête-à-tête* or an office stool. His appetite for jokes was insatiable, and his manner of retailing them irresistible. He was an incorrigible punster, and delighted in nothing more than to play "cup and ball" with words. We fear, however, that the genial old egotist in his latter days often joked on an empty stomach, and that his list of subscribers dwindled before the new era like that now extinct human dodo, the Knickerbocker himself.

It was an immense step forward when *Putnam's Magazine* appeared, January, 1853. Have we had any real advance in literary form or quality since? It was, of course, a development from the long preparation and struggle of the past, but only as the slowly growing plant suddenly bursts into bloom and flower.

The plan of the work was laid out at a dinner-party in Sixteenth Street, at which were present Mr. and Mrs. Putnam, Charles F. Briggs ("Harry Franco"), the future editor, Parke Godwin, George Sumner, Mrs. C. M. Kirkland, and George William Curtis. Mr. Godwin became associate editor. Few first numbers of a periodical have been so brilliant. There were no names appended to the articles, but we discover Longfellow's "Warden

of the Cinque Ports," essays by Thoreau and Curtis, and contributions by Dr. F. L. Hawks and Fitz James O'Brien. An interesting series on "Our Young Authors" was begun, the first relating to Donald G. Mitchell, whose *Reveries of a Batchelor* and *Dream Life* had suffused the American youth of that period in a golden haze of sentiment. There is an article on "Homes of American Authors," which concludes with an allusion to the "vacant and silent halls of Marshfield," haunted with "sad and thoughtful memories of Webster," who had just died. Still another speaks of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, published "on the twentieth of last March," as "the Iliad of the blacks," and as "a miracle of popularity," having already sold to the extent of a million copies. The fall elections, however, had "certainly not offered any reason to believe that the minds of our countrymen have been influenced by Mrs. Stowe's enchantments." *Putnam's*, by the way, was the first magazine which introduced the independent and literary discussion of politics. The rapid evolution of the anti-slavery movement is attested by the fact that, notwithstanding the above rather dubious reference, a distinct call is made in the number of September, 1854, for an organization on the principles which were then crystallizing into the Republican Party.

Other early numbers contain Bayard Taylor's "Hasheesh Eater," and two letters with bits of original poetry, signed "Paripedemus," by Arthur Hugh Clough; "Thackeray in America"—the great novelist being engaged in delivering at that time his lectures on *The English Humorists;* and "The Pacific Railroad, and How it is to be Built," opposing the plan of Government intervention. It will give an idea of these five years of *Putnam*, to say that the following were among the books made up from its contents: Lowell's *Fireside Travels*, Thoreau's *Cape Cod*, Grant White's *Shakespere's Scholar*, Edmund Quincy's *Wensley*, and Cozzens's *Sparrowgrass Papers*. The stimulus given to native talent may be judged from the announcement at the close of the first six months, that "four hundred and eighty-nine *voluntary* contributions had been received, from every State and Territory except Deseret" (Utah). This was largely due to the additional fact that every one used had been paid for at what the writers considered "liberal" terms. There were several serial novels, but the "short story" was still comparatively an unfound art. The great hit of this magazine, however, was the controversy excited by an article in the second number, entitled "Have we a Bourbon among us?" The writer, a clergyman named Hanson, contended with great plausibility and array of proof that the Rev. Eleazar Williams, a missionary among the Indians, was no less a person than the ill-fated son of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette. We remember seeing Williams, and hearing him preach. He certainly looked the part to perfection, and was every inch a Bourbon in appearance. Better yet, he was admittedly an honest and excellent gentleman, and has doubtless inherited a far better and more enduring crown than could have come to him from that ill-starred race.

The editorial department of the first number of *Putnam's* occupied fif-

teen pages, and related to the literature of all lands, to science, music, and the fine arts. The extinction of the American Art Union by the courts, as a lottery, is lamented. Sontag and Alboni, who were both in this country, were contrasted, in favor of the latter. Jullien was giving monster concerts, and Madame Anna Bishop was having a great success in English opera. *Bleak House* and *Henry Esmond* had just appeared, and the latter had been "variously received"—the story was "not over interesting." The criticism on Tennyson's "Ode on Wellington" was the same which has almost uniformly greeted everything which he has written—that he was "not equal to himself." Layard's "great work on Babylon" is announced. J. Payne Collier's "Corrected Folio of 1630" was creating a furious sensation among Shaksperians. The death of "Kit North" is recorded in black columns, as of "the greatest of our tribe . . . the Hierarch of Magazinists . . . who did most to render popular and to elevate magazine literature."

No interval was allowed to occur when *Putnam's* stopped, in 1857—*The Atlantic Monthly* taking the vacant place and transferring the "literary centre" to Boston. Its first publishers were Phillips, Sampson & Co. The articles were anonymous, the authorship not being acknowledged even in the index till the tenth volume. It was not until the twenty-sixth volume, in 1870, that the names of writers began to be appended to their contributions. This was the more strange because *The Atlantic* from the beginning could boast of the most famous literary names in America. In the very first number we find Emerson's essay on "Illusions," and two poems—"Days" and "Brahma." How well we remember the universal chorus of ridicule which greeted "Brahma," and the endless travesties, which would have destroyed any poem not destined for immortality. It had also a poem by Longfellow, "Santa Filomena," and the beginning of an exquisite series of "Florentine Mosaics," which old readers of *The Atlantic* can hardly have forgotten. By the way, is it an accidental coincidence that Mr. Howells's title of a recent series of articles in *The Century* was the same? But what insured the success of *The Atlantic* was that "The Autocrat" took his seat at "the Breakfast-Table" in the very first number, reigning ever since like an American Addison, Sterne and Lamb all in one. The rest of this number was not particularly noteworthy. The new books reviewed were Henry Rogers's *Greyson Letters*, Peter Bayne's *Essays*, and Charles Reade's *White Lies*.

But with *The Atlantic* we reach what may be termed the contemporary period of our magazine literature. *Harper's* had been already founded in 1850, and at the close of the first volume had announced the publication of two illustrated articles. *Putnam's* had also given cuts of some of its leading contributors; and ground had been broken for the great illustrated monthlies of to-day. The beginnings and the transition era of American magazines were alike over—the modern period had commenced.

I AND ME.

When Richard Steele, in Addison's *Spectator* for May 30, 1711, attempted to set some bounds to the usurpation of "the Jack Sprat *that*," he succeeded, as is well known, far beyond what could have been his own fondest hope. The obnoxious word had so far supplanted its sisters *who* and *which* as to imperil the continuance of these important words in the language; but Steele, by his *Humble Petition of Who and Which*, secured not only the relegation of *that* to its own province, but a formal definition of the difference between *who* and *which*, so carefully drawn that the confusion of these words, as in the Lord's Prayer, "Our Father *which* art in heaven," was wholly remedied. Since 1711, as all our grammarians tell us, *who* has referred to persons and *which* to things, while *that* is a sort of free lance, lending variety to the oft-recurring relative clause, and especially serving to introduce relative *modifiers* of the antecedent.

And yet, though a popular writer in 1711, though he contributed to the most famous journal of his day, and though he succeeded, Sir Richard must have earned no little ill-will, and perhaps some hard words, from his contemporaries. No one, not even a person of education, enjoys being caught in an error of speech; for few people are aware how liable persons of education—even of the highest education—are to such blunders, and the average company, therefore, visits upon their perpetrators not a little unpleasant raillery. Besides, there has always existed among the English-speaking peoples, especially in England and in the last century, a certain intellectual *Philistinism*, a sort of Will Honeycomb idea that to be able to spell well ill befits the character of a gentleman. As Armado, the Spanish gallant in *Love's Labor's Lost*, thought that no one but a tapster could be good at "reckoning," so these intellectual Philistines are indifferent to questions of grammatical purity, of correctness in diction, of accuracy in expression. They sympathize with the emperors in Max Müller's famous stories. The Roman Emperor Tiberius, says Max Müller, had made a mistake in speaking, and had been corrected by an honest grammarian, Marcellus. At once Capito, more courtier than scholar, averred that anything said by the Emperor either was good Latin or soon would be. Again, when a German monk told Sigismund, at the Council of Constance, that *schismam* was not correct Latin, the Emperor himself replied testily that he presumed the word of the Emperor of Rome was as good as that of a monk. Or, to come nearer home for an illustration, is it not true that for every once due credit has been given Grant White for his unselfish efforts to improve American speech and writing, censure has been ten times visited on him as a literary prig or snob?

The Malherbes of society, then, attempt both a difficult and an ungracious task. At the same time, occasions will arise when even Malherbe must have a successor—occasions when one's pen, though blunt-nosed, not sharp-nibbed, like Malherbe's, must be dipped for the judgment of vulgar

error or to raise the alarm against threatening evil. Such an occasion seems to exist now. Such an error—certainly such an impending mischief to our language—seems to need comment. And, though at a greater risk than Richard Steele or Grant White incurred, it shall have it.

No one who has listened attentively to our most recent speech, or who has read with any thought for such things our most recent literature, can have failed to note the growing use of *myself* for *I* or *me*, of *yourself* for *you*, of *himself* for *he* or *him*, etc. "Mr. L. and *myself* have both examined the records;" "*Yourself* and friends are invited;" a cab takes the hero of a well-known recent novel with his luggage to the station—it is said to take "*himself* and his luggage;" Professor Drummond, in the preface to his remarkable book, *Natural Law in the Spiritual World*, says, certain questions "have answered themselves to *myself*," and repeats the construction three times in three pages. One's *self* is coming to be as little a part of one's own subjective existence as one's dog or one's horse. In all current writing and speaking, especially in that fine writing and speaking which may be said to have its dress suit on, *I* and *me* and *you* and *he*, and all the other simpler, more friendly (in two senses) members of the pronominal group, are fast falling into desuetude. The fact may be deplorable, but can it be denied?

And yet, unless such a scholarly writer as Professor Whitney, of Yale College, is all wrong in his *Essentials of English Grammar*, only two uses of the pronouns in *-self* are English; 1st, the *Reflexive*, as in "You cannot present *yourself* to the Queen;" 2d, the *Intensive*, as in "You must go *yourself*, you need not send." Nay, these two uses of the compound personal pronouns are the only ones known to any of our grammarians; for all our authorities are agreed on the point. As certainly, the pronouns italicized in the examples just cited as faulty are not intensive; they surely are not used for emphasis. Neither are they reflexive; for, in at least two of the four cases, they are subjects, while the reflexive pronoun is always an object. The apologist for the censured use must adduce some other argument than any he can find in our English grammars.

But this is not all. A worse charge than that of being ungrammatical rests against this use of the pronouns in *-self*. They are pretentious words, when thus dragged into unnecessary prominence, and (like many other pretentious things) are the children of ignorance. Surely there is nothing gained of simplicity or of unconsciousness of self in saying, "Besides W. Arnold, there were only T. Arnold, E. Arnold, and *myself*." Why is not *I* in this sentence as modest, as non-egotistical as *myself*? Even knowing that Principal Shairp wrote the sentence, may we not venture the (uncharitable?) supposition that, in the chronic difficulty over *I* and *me*—a difficulty that even some very learned people have not completely surmounted—the Scotch critic "dodged," and wrote *myself* because it is the same in both the nominative and the objective case? Is there any truer courtesy in "*Yourself* and friends," than in "*You* and *your* friends," or is it simply a vulgar brevity-mongering that leads our age to strike out such monstrosities? What can

Hawthorne have gained by writing "When Hilda and *himself* [*he*] turned away," or "He knew not how to obtain an interview with either *herself* [*her*] or Donatello"? Was it one of the high-minded sisters of Cinderella that the Prince married; or was the bride Cinderella herself, whom the sisters judged worthy of no higher station in life than that of maid of all work? The English language, we have been flattering ourselves, is, both in respect of its ancestry and by virtue of its wide applicability, the noblest—certainly, one of the noblest—on earth. Well, *noblesse oblige*. Is it the woman of rank and good breeding, or one from the *parvenu* class, who flashes her jewels in the face of the crowded street, or shows herself radiant in many colors?

Unfortunately, as already suggested, much good use can be cited in support of the employment of *myself*, etc., here exemplified; but against this citation can be set the entire history of the words in older English, the genius of the language, and such an overwhelming predilection for the simpler words, even on the part of those authors who have allowed themselves the questionable usage, that the *weight* of good use is really on the side of *I* and *me* and their equivalents in the other persons. Granted that even De Quincey and Charles Lamb have "nodded": for every once that they write *myself* amiss, they write plain *I* or *me* a thousand times correctly.

We have said that the entire history of the words in older English declares against the personal use of *myself*, etc. Let us see (in briefest summary) how much this statement means.

First, in Anglo-Saxon, *self*, though an independent word, was an adjective, and, when joined to the personal pronouns, changed these words into intensives or reflexives only. *Ic self*, I myself; *mê selfum*, to me myself; *Ic mê self*, the "Celtic" English *I meself*.

Secondly, in Chaucer, though *self* is commonly an adjective, "in the *selve* [same] moment" (C. T. 2586), yet *myselven* [myself] also occurs (C. T. 9334), and once, at least, *my self*, meaning *I* (C. T. 546):

> "There was also a Reeve and a Mellere,
> A Maunciple and *my self*."

Thirdly, by Shakspere's time the adjective use of *self* had died out. An occasional use of the word as a noun may be discovered, as in Sonnet 10, 13: "Make thee another *self*"; both our modern uses had become fully established; while, in rare cases, *myself*, etc., stand for *I*, etc., as in *As You Like It*, I. iii. 23, "O, they take the part of a better wrestler than *myself*." Shakspere's authority, however, like that of every other good author, is overwhelmingly in favor of *I* or *me* in such cases; as, surely, is the whole history of our pronouns, here so briefly sketched.

The little pronouns, then, sue humbly, as their cousins the relatives sued a century and three-quarters ago, for their rightful place in our spoken and written language. Shall their prayer be granted? Or are we so wholly given over to pretence and sham, are we so out and out Philistine, that we

can either consciously prefer the tawdry substitute for the "yea, yea," "nay, nay," of language, or remain quite indifferent to the future of our tongue, while shiftlessness and ignorance betray us into sacrificing what is now a beautiful as well as delicate distinction?

CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN GOETHE AND CARLYLE.*

When one looks through the miscellaneous essays of Carlyle, it is found that nearly three-fourths of them are concerned with the introduction of German authors into England, and that the chief among these is Goethe himself. The other essays are valuable, but it was the principal duty of Carlyle, in his early essays in the quarterly reviews, to give the Germans a hearing among Englishmen. These papers, with the fulness of treatment since it became the fashion to read German, lose something by being compared with our later knowledge of the great Teutonic authors, but they are remarkable still as pieces of English criticism, and are among the best specimens of vigorous style to be found in Carlyle's entire works. Knowing his attitude toward these writers as the makers of a national literature, and looking at the friendship existing between the master and the disciple, the correspondence between these two, Goethe and Carlyle, though essentially different from that between Emerson and Carlyle, has a close relation to the lives of both. It is the relation of an older man of genius to his younger brother. Goethe had reached that age at the time Carlyle sent his notable confession of admiration, when he felt anxious to anticipate the verdict of posterity, and to see himself in what he called the light of world-literature. Carlyle, in the translation of *Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship*, anticipated Goethe's wishes and gave him a foretaste of the fame which Mr. Arnold has summed up in calling him "our greatest modern man." The author of *Sartor Resartus* was not given to many admirations, but for the author of *Faust* he had no reserves, and there is a significance in the attitude of Carlyle in his first appearance as hero-worshipper, which is truly inspiring, and reveals some of the most beautiful traits of his character. It is not so much what passed between them as the fine spirit in which it is said that attracts attention to these letters. The disparity of age was too great for the free exchange of views which constitutes the charm of the correspondence between Emerson and Carlyle, but there is something in the loyalty and tenderness of the younger for the older man which sends a thrill of emotion through the mind. It is an illustration of the reverence for genius which dwells deep down in the hearts of those who are themselves endowed with genius, but are as yet unconscious of it. Carlyle, during the five or six years covered by these letters, was living, for the most part, at

* *Correspondence between Goethe and Carlyle.* Edited by Charles Eliot Norton. London: Macmillan & Co. 12mo, pp. xx., 361.

Craigenputtock, in solitary grandeur among the Scotch mountains, and resolutely refusing to sell his brains for money; matching Goethe's own invincible spirit in refusing to be controlled by mercenary considerations, and sustaining a princely intellectual life on oatmeal, during what may be called the honeymoon of his married life, if not of his whole existence. Widely different as the two were in age and in the rewards of fame, and profoundly respectful as was the young Scotchman to his greatest friend, the response to the longings of his own soul which Carlyle found in Goethe's writings revealed the kinship which existed between the two minds; and those most familiar with the writings of both will not fail to trace the influence of Goethe upon the ripening thought of his ardent admirer. This is seen especially in the two essays on "Goethe" and the "Death of Goethe," and in the later literary essays. There is a passage in one of these letters in which Carlyle expressly pours out into his friend's ears the response of his nature to the religious convictions entertained by the great German, though his reticence on these subjects, save as they came naturally in the way of his thought, was not unlike that of the master. Here the thought is like Goethe's, but the expression belongs peculiarly to the disciple: "When I look at the wonderful chaos within me, full of natural supernaturalism, and all manner of antediluvian fragments; and how the universe is daily growing more mysterious as well as more august, and the influences from without more heterogeneous and perplexing; I see not well what is to come of it all, and only conjecture from the violence of the fermentation that something strange may come. As you feel a fatherly concern in my spiritual progress, which you know well for all true disciples of yours to be the one thing needful, I lay these details before you with the less reluctance."

The letters are so much confined to the agreeable courtesies of literary exchange and fervent admiration that there is little space for the expression of opinions on either side, but a few passages will bear quotation, and admirably illustrate Carlyle's spirit at the outset of his career as an author. Here is a glimpse of the home where Emerson found him in 1833. He says: "This is one of the most solitary spots in Britain, being six miles from any individual of the formally visiting class. It might have suited Rousseau almost as well as his island of St. Pierre; indeed, I find that most of my city friends impute to me a motive similar to his in coming hither, and predict no good from it. But I came hither purely for this one reason; that I might not have to write for bread, might not be tempted to tell lies for money." It was a proud and happy moment in his life when Goethe sent him the translation of his *Life of Schiller*, to which he had prefixed an introduction, reporting who and what Carlyle was to the German people. He writes to Goethe: "That I should see myself before all the world, set forth as the friend of Goethe, is an honor of which, some few years ago, I could not, in my wildest flights, have dreamed; of which I should still desire no better happiness than to feel myself worthy." Much space in Carlyle's letters is occupied with statements about a *History of German Literature*

on which he was then engaged, and which he, in fact, undertook at Goethe's suggestion. Goethe's letters are full of the kindly sentiments which an old man feels for a youthful admirer, but there is a certain reserve about them, as if the master would still keep his disciple in awe of himself. He was deeply interested in the translation of his own and the writings of other German authors into English, and thoroughly believed that the growth of a world-literature, which has largely been realized since his time, would greatly assist in conveying from one nation to another the special culture which each one possessed. He wrote: "Every translator is to be regarded as a middle-man in this universal spiritual commerce, and as making it his business to promote this exchange; for, say what we may of the insufficiency of translation, yet the work is, and always will be, one of the weightiest and worthiest affairs in the general concerns of the world." There are solid nuggets scattered through these pages, where Goethe breathes out his feelings or experience in sentiments which are worth remembering. Here is one: "For my part, I find it a special test of myself, when I again set before me a book read long ago, or, rather, put myself before it; for I cannot but observe that it, indeed, has remained in its place, while I, on the other hand, have taken up a different position towards it, perhaps nearer or farther from it, or even on another side." Here is an expression of personal feeling: "Contentedly enjoy the composure and consistency which have been granted to you; my life, though indeed there is little outward agitation in it, must appear, if a vision of it should ever cross your mind, a veritable witches' circle of tumult in comparison." Again he refers to his works, which were then passing through the press, and specially to his *Metamorphoses of Plants*, of which he says: "The happiest time of my life was when I was eagerly at work on the works of nature, and now in these last days it has been extremely delightful to me to resume those researches. There is, after all, a feeling of exultation in once again throwing light on any part of the impenetrable." These passages might be multiplied, but a sufficient number have been quoted to indicate the value of the correspondence of both parties.

The volume, as a whole, gives phases of the lives of Goethe and Carlyle which are a substantial addition to our knowledge of both. The young author and the old poet are at least truthful in their relations, and they give a delightful impression of a genuine literary friendship which continued till the venerable Goethe passed on beyond through the eternal gates. Mr. Norton, who has edited this volume with the instincts which belong to a genuine scholar, contributes a graceful introduction, in which he expresses exactly the relation these men sustained to one another in the way of help: "The stimulus and encouragement of Goethe's sympathy and regard, expressed as they were in simple, cordial, and delightful modes, were invaluable to Carlyle. They came to him when he had as yet received no real recognition from his own people, whose acknowledgment of his worth was slowly and grudgingly given. For this neglect Goethe's appreciation and friendship

made amends. They confirmed the young writer's faith in himself. Goethe's discriminating eye had discerned what no other had discovered—that here was a man who rested on an original foundation and had the capacity to develop in himself the essentials of what was good and beautiful."

CURTIS'S CREATION OR EVOLUTION.*

Of the making of many books on evolution there seems to be no end, and the writers, as a rule, spend their labor for that which satisfieth not. Mr. Curtis's book is, however, an honorable exception, being one of the best that has appeared in recent years.

Mr. Curtis writes as a jurist rather than a philosopher, and his work may be styled a critique of the evidence on which the theory of evolution rests. He charges the partisans of evolution with laxity of reasoning, and with a disposition to draw on the scientific imagination for the facts necessary to support their hypothesis. In order to check such vagaries, he proposes to bring the case into court and to sift the testimony by the ordinary rules of evidence in the sphere of criminal jurisprudence, a fine summary of which is given in the first chapter of his book.

Most readers of Mr. Curtis, whether they accept his conclusions or not, will concede the ability and importance of his discussion. Theories like evolution exercise a fascination over the imagination, which the soberest judgment finds it difficult to resist. The degree of assent they command is apt, therefore, to be far more than commensurate with the evidence adduced in their support. In most cases the admission, when made, that the proof is not demonstrative, and that the theories in question are still on trial, is a species of lip-service which abates little of the pretensions of their supporters. A great many intelligent and liberal-minded persons are repelled by the dogmatism of evolution, to whom the theory itself is not repugnant. Many more decline to accept it, not on account of prejudice, as evolutionists are fond of charging, but because they have not been convinced of the sufficiency of the grounds on which it rests. To these persons Mr. Curtis brings aid and comfort, exposing, as he does, many of the gaps in the chain of evidence, and the consequent disproportion that exists between the proofs of the theory and the faith of some of its adherents. His book will doubtless have the salutary effect of checking the pretensions of the extreme evolutionists and of inducing in them a degree of familiarity with the virtue of modesty. It is also to be commended for the emphasis which it places on the insufficiency of any form of the theory to account for the origin of things without the agency of an Intelligent Creator.

Something is detracted from the value of Mr. Curtis's book by what we conceive to be a defect in its method. A writer on evolution, in order to

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* *Creation or Evolution.* George Ticknor Curtis. Pp. xxii., 504. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1887.

handle his theme with due discrimination, should not fail to distinguish between what may be styled the scientific and the speculative aspects of the theory. Scientific evolution aims, so far as practicable, to extend the domain of natural law by giving a natural explanation to natural phenomena. This is perfectly legitimate, and there is no apparent reason why any class of facts or any process falling within the scope of observation should be regarded as exceptional. Speculative evolution, on the other hand, may take either one of two forms. It may proceed, by sweeping generalizations from inadequate facts and a liberal use of the scientific imagination, to construct a quasi-scientific work like Mr. Spencer's *Principles of Biology;* or, it may set up frankly as a metaphysical theory, and claim to settle the question as to the origin of things. It is obvious that criticisms which would be valid against these speculative aspects of the theory might have little point if laid at the door of scientific evolution.

It is also incumbent, we think, on a critic of evolution to distinguish among the different spheres of its scientific application. Evolution may be weak in one direction and strong in another. It is conceded to be much more applicable to physical than to mental facts. And among physical facts those of biology yield most readily to its requirements. To this cause it is no doubt due that the theory has won most of its triumphs in the domain of living organisms. There are few naturalists of any repute who do not hold some form of the theory, and many of the soberest thinkers, who reject its sweeping claims, consider its validity as a law of the development of species pretty well established. It is, to say the least, a strategic blunder to attack evolution indiscriminately in all its forms, as Mr. Curtis has done. Much of the natural force which his reasoning might otherwise have possessed has been lost, and the author has exposed himself to the charge of being blind to certain facts and distinctions which a critic might reasonably be expected not to overlook.

We entertain, moreover, a serious doubt as to either the necessity or the expediency of setting up creation and evolution as antagonistic alternatives. Evolution, as a law of natural phenomena, is no more in necessary conflict with theism than the law of gravitation. As a natural law, evolution simply formulates a natural process. It does not dispense with, but rather presupposes a Creator of the world. From the theistic point of view evolution is the Creator's method of developing and perfecting his creation. The fact that this method is conceived to be under the control of natural laws is no exception to the general economy of things. We do not suppose that Mr. Curtis meant to assert the existence of any necessary conflict between God's creative function and scientific evolution, but the title of his book and many of his utterances tend to leave that impression on the reader's mind.

The theory of special creation may, it is true, be so construed as to exclude evolution along with other theories of natural causation; but the propriety of this is very questionable. Mr. Curtis does not so construe it. His

definition of special creation as "the employment of means to produce a thing that was both designed and preferred," simply formulates the ordinary conception of natural theology. It does not preclude development or the operation of natural law, but rather chance and blind force. That an Intelligent Creator is necessary, to account not only for the origin of things, but also for their present condition, and that the existing system of things has been "both designed and preferred," are elements of a faith which the theistic evolutionist holds in common with all religious thinkers.

We have no disposition, however, to overlook the many admirable features of Mr. Curtis's book. It is an important and weighty contribution to the literature of a burning question. It deserves to be widely read. Its strictures lay bare many serious flaws in the evolution armor, and ought to provoke a salutary exercise of sober second thought. Its protest against the anti-religious and materialistic tendencies of certain phases of the theory of evolution is both impressive and timely. The literary qualities of the book, it is needless to say, are of the highest order. It is worthy, in this respect, to be taken as a model by writers on philosophical subjects.

NEW BOOKS.

No two books could be more unlike than those of Mr. Roberts and Mr. Adams. Mr. Roberts * has given us a very clear and minute account of the wonderful growth of the Empire State; Mr. Adams † has given us a counter-irritant to the received notions of early Massachusetts history. The latter will attract most attention. It is not historically accurate; it goes as far beyond the truth as current Massachusetts history stops short of it; it is not novel to those who have read Oliver and Backus; but it will undoubtedly startle the general public to find how much religious restriction there was in early Massachusetts. A more valuable work than either is Dr. Hitchcock's address on the growth of American State Constitutions: ‡ one of the first attempts to analyze philosophically the forces and methods by which our State Constitutions have taken their present shapes.

Economic science is well represented among the newer books. Dr. Heber Newton § unhappily obscures a great many interesting facts by a hopeless confusion of economic and ethical conclusions. On the contrary, the best

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* *New York* (American Commonwealth Series). By Ellis H. Roberts. In 2 volumes. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1887.

† *The Emancipation of Massachusetts.* By Brooks Adams. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1887.

‡ *American State Constitutions.* By Henry Hitchcock, LL.D. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1887.

§ *Social Studies.* By R. Heber Newton. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1887.

point in President Bascom's volume * is its close analysis and clear distinction between customs, law, economics, ethics, and religion : a careful reader will end a perusal of it with a clearer notion of human society than he can easily get from other books on the subject, and a very fair preparation for dealing with modern social problems. Such a study of this chapter on "Government" ought to precede the reading of Professor Ely's volume ; † for his work, while it is most valuable in giving the closest details of the organization and work of the present American labor associations, fails to see clearly the paths by which so many of these associations cross and interfere with the functions which are legitimately and exclusively those of Government. Professor Clark ‡ chooses a different field. His purpose is to controvert the notion of the old political economy that competition is the fundamental force in economics, and to show that "in the last analysis, the sense of right in man is a supreme motive, in the market, as elsewhere." Under the first head, his success is complete ; under the second, it is very doubtful. One's mind may meet "*the* supreme" motive, or "a *powerful*" motive, intelligently : but who can say just what is meant by "a supreme motive" ? All four books are well worth reading.

Mr. Dos Passos § has done a good work in his little treatise on the Inter-State Commerce Act. It is only a breaking of ground, to be sure, for the judicial interpretation and application of the Act is yet to come ; but it does well all that can be done at present. The text of the Act is in an appendix. The best part of the work is its discussions of "reasonable and just" rates, of "unjust discriminations," and of the "long and short hauls," and in its treatment of that of which neither the general public nor the corporations seem to have as yet any complete idea—the manner in which the Act practically abrogates a multitude of franchises and privileges which have been granted to corporations by the States. The unfortunate limitation on all present discussion of the Act is the impossibility of knowing by experience how far railway and water transportation are to conflict with one another, and thus make suspensions of the Act inevitable. Our own impression is, that this is just the rock on which the Act, in its present form, must split ; that, in a country like ours, in which lakes and rivers form a net-work of internal navigation, competing with railways at almost every point, the Inter-State Commerce Commission would most wisely fulfil its functions by publishing a general suspension of the Act at once. In all this, however, we must look to that best of all teachers—experience ; and, until the arrival of that instructor, Mr. Dos Passos's treatise will doubtless be the best that we can get.

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* *Sociology*. By John Bascom. New York and London : G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1887.

† *The Labor Movement in America*. By Richard T. Ely, Ph. D. New York ; Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. 1886.

‡ *The Philosophy of Wealth*. By John B. Clark, A. M. Boston : Ginn & Co. 1886.

§ *The Inter-State Commerce Act : An Analysis of its Provisions*. By John R. Dos Passos. New York and London : G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1887.

RECENT SEISMOLOGY.

In the several countries of Europe, as well as in America, the record of current earthquake shocks has been kept up. Dr. C. W. C. Fuchs, of Meran, Austria, has published, in Von Tschermak's *Mineralog. und petrograph. Mittheilungen,* his Twenty-first Annual Report, which deals with the earthquakes of 1885, and includes 230 items. They are scattered over the whole world, but naturally the lists are most full for Europe, and only 7 items relate to America. This deficiency in American news is supplied, for 1884, in an appendix to this paper, containing 121 items, of which 46 are American. C. Detaille, of Paris, in *L'Astronomie* for June, 1886, published his third earthquake catalogue. Like Fuchs, his field is the world, but he is better supplied with American correspondents, having 35 American items out of a total of 246. These, however, are mostly from South America, only 6 of the 35 being contained in Rockwood's lists, which are next to be mentioned. Prof. C. G. Rockwood, of Princeton, in the *American Journal of Science*, continues his record of American shocks, this being the fifteenth paper of his series. His attention is confined entirely to this continent, and mostly to North America, only 5 out of a total of 71 items relating to places south of the Isthmus of Panama. Nearly one-half of the items relate to localities on the coast of the Pacific, the most shaky place being San Francisco, which was within the area of five distinct earthquakes during 1885. The tenth volume of the *Transactions of the Seismological Society of Japan,* recently received, contains a list of 482 earthquakes felt in Japan in 1885, and other local lists from 1881 to 1885, together with the continued record of the Gray-Milne seismograph at the Imperial Observatory in Tokio. The list of shocks for 1885 is discussed by Sekiya.

In addition to these general or special lists for 1885, the Croatian Earthquake Commission has published their report for 1883; and a noted Norwegian savant has appealed to the public for better seismic observations in *that* region, with a view to preserving a record of the shocks, being assisted therein by the Government allowing free transmission of the reports through the mails.

Besides these statistical records for 1885, the year 1886 saw the compilation by Dr. Fuchs into one list of the material contained in his several annual *Berichte* for twenty years. It bears the title *Statistik der Erdbeben,* 1865–1885, and forms a volume of over four hundred pages, published in the *Sitzungsberichte* of the Vienna Academy. It is arranged according to countries, so that the statistics for any particular locality for the whole twenty years are now easily accessible. It forms another chapter in the series of earthquake catalogues begun by Mallet, continued for later years by Perrey, and now brought down to 1885 by this publication—catalogues which have proved such a mine of facts for theoretical investigators.

These lists of Mallet, Perrey, and Fuchs, just referred to, have formed

the principal basis for a catalogue of European earthquakes, by J. P. O'Reilly, of Dublin, in the *Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy*. This catalogue aims to give for each of the localities, arranged in alphabetical order, the number of recorded shocks, with their dates, and condensed indications of the area affected. It is intended to afford the data for an earthquake map of Europe, which shall represent the number of shocks recorded in each locality by different depths of shading, in a manner similar to that employed in an earthquake map of Great Britain, published in 1884, by the same author.

In the study of seismological questions, both theoretical and experimental, as distinct from the simple recording of natural phenomena, the world of science has also not been idle.

The members of the Commission of the French Academy which investigated the Spanish earthquakes of December, 1884, presented elaborate reports of their work, including an extended geological examination of the region, and received therefor, in 1886, the award of the Vaillant Prize of the Academy. The Academy also awarded an "encouragement" of 1,000 francs to M. de Montessus, for a valuable paper on Central American earthquakes.

A prize offered by the Royal Dutch Institution of Engineers for a question relating to the theoretical methods and calculations to be employed in making deductions from earthquake observations, was awarded to Prof. John Milne, of Japan.

Dr. H. J. Johnston-Lavis has published a monograph on the earthquakes of Ischia, and Verbeek's two volumes on Krakatoa have been translated into French, the text having been published in Batavia and the album of plates in Brussels.

In England the work of the Krakatoa Committee of the Royal Society is reported to be nearly ready for publication; and in our own country the work of the Geological Survey, in their study of the Charleston earthquake, is so far advanced that Captain Dutton and Mr. Hayden gave an account of it before the National Academy at its recent meeting in Washington.

In the experimental study of earth vibrations, Japan, with its active Seismological Society, still leads, with investigations by Milne and Sekiya; but in France also MM. Fouqué and Levy have taken up a similar line of work in connection with their investigation of the Spanish earthquake. The advance of seismology as an experimental science is evinced also by the fact that two English makers of scientific instruments, the Cambridge Scientific Instrument Company and the Messrs. White of Glasgow, now advertise to make seismographs for the public, after designs by Ewing and by Gray & Milne respectively, and that several such sets of instruments have been already made or ordered for such institutions as the Ben Nevis Observatory, in Scotland, the Lick Observatory, in California, and the Imperial Observatory, in Tokio.

The growth of seismology and its kindred branch, vulcanology, in the

popular interest is indicated again by the delivery, in March, 1887, of a lecture on "Vesuvius and Ischia, a Volcano and an Earthquake," in the course of Penny Lectures at the Royal Victoria Hall, London; and the fact that two of the lectures delivered in Washington about the same time, under the auspices of the scientific societies there, were on the Charleston earthquake, by Dutton and McGee. The interest which the world of science has felt in these branches may be inferred somewhat from the extent of the literature on the subject. The number of titles contained in the bibliography prepared for the Smithsonian Report exceeds 200, and the list is no doubt still incomplete.

THE NATIONAL ALLIANCE.

THE announcement that the Evangelical Alliance is entering on a new and broader field of work meets with general and most hearty approval.

The rapid settlement of the West, and the supreme importance of placing a Christian stamp upon its beginnings, the incoming of a foreign population greater in a single year than that of any State in New England, save only Massachusetts, and the need of most of these immigrants to be evangelized, the drift of the working men away from the churches, the over-crowded condition of our cities, in which population has outrun church provision, together with the fact that the most dangerous foes of our Christian civilization are thoroughly organized—these and other facts constitute a demand on the churches of the United States and a crisis in their history which are wholly unprecedented.

To meet this demand there should be the wisest possible distribution of forces. This cannot be accomplished without the mutual understanding and coöperation of the various denominations. Such coöperation, it is hoped, will be secured through the Evangelical Alliance.

The National Alliance proposes to organize branches throughout the country, which shall undertake the evangelization of the community, shall study Christian sociology, and make a practical exhibition of applied Christianity.

It will hold annual conventions to consult concerning methods of Christian and reformatory work, and for the purpose of arousing the churches to greater activity.

It also proposes a bureau of information, which shall constitute a point of contact and medium of interchange between its branches, shall give the public information concerning practical Christian activity and shall thus help to educate and consolidate Christian public opinion.

BOOK NOTICES.

HUMAN PSYCHOLOGY. An Introduction to Philosophy. Being a Brief Treatise on *Intellect, Feeling, and Will.* By E. JANES, A. M. Revised Edition. New York: Baker & Taylor, 9 Bond Street. 12mo, pp. v., 295.

A distinguished teacher has said that a text-book, to be of value, should be either very good or very bad; very good, in order that it may be inculcated as a whole; or very bad, in order to serve as a foil, against which the true doctrine may the more clearly be contrasted. Tried by this standard, Mr. Janes's *Human Psychology* is not destined to attain complete success, for its undeniable excellences are balanced by other qualities which can only be considered as defects. On the one hand, it is refreshing to notice the proof which it brings, in common with other recent volumes, that the study of psychology in America is making continued progress. It is evident that we are fast emerging from the stage in which a more or less abstract discussion of psychological theory with specific reference to a given metaphysical system usurped the place of right due to the scientific investigation of mental phenomena; when, in technical language, empirical psychology was so far neglected that rational psychology was allowed almost completely to absorb it. In contrast to this, Mr. Janes writes with a full knowledge of his subject, in all its various phases, and subordinates theory to investigation; though he does not fail to emphasize what he considers sound psychological doctrine, which will, also, for the most part, be accepted as such by other conservative thinkers. But, on the other hand, he has not taken the second step in advance, and emancipated himself from the practice of combining psychology with philosophical introduction. Here it is impossible to accept his method. The forced union of the two is an error only less serious than the old one of making the latter predominant. Psychology is one thing —Introduction, in the sense of the German *Einleitung*, quite another. Or, if by Introduction is meant merely propædeutic, the sub-title of Mr. Janes's volume is so far forth a misnomer, and he has allowed himself to include in psychology portions of an entirely different philosophical discipline. The true method is to be found in the separation of the two, without ignoring their reciprocal relations.

BOOKS RECEIVED

Of which there may be critical notice hereafter.

ADAMS.—*Report of the Proceedings of the Third Annual Meeting of the American Historical Association*, pp. 43. New York and London, 1887: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

ANON.—*Richard Armstrong*, pp. 121. Hampton, Va., 1887: Normal School Press Print.

BOURIANT.—*Local Government in Canada.* Johns Hopkins University Studies in Historical and Political Science, pp. 72. Baltimore, 1887: N. Murray, University Publisher.

BURR.—*Universal Beliefs*, pp. 312. New York, 1887: American Tract Society.

DE AMICIS.—*Cuoré.* Translated by Isabel F. Hapgood, pp. 326. New York, 1887: Thos. Y. Crowell & Co.

GREENE.—*The Blind Brother*, pp. 229. New York, 1887: Thos. Y. Crowell & Co.

JAMESON.—*William Usselinx. Founder of the Dutch and Swedish West India Companies.* Papers of the American Historical Association. Vol. ii., No. 3, pp. 234. New York and London, 1887: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

JOHNSTON.—*Connecticut.* American Commonwealth Series, pp. xii., 409. Boston and New York, 1887: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

LOTZE.—*Outlines of Logic.* Translated by George T. Ladd, pp. vi., 184. Boston, 1887: Ginn & Co.

MAHAFFY.—*Alexander's Empire.* The Story of the Nations Series, pp. xxii., 323. New York and London, 1887: G. P. Putman's Sons.

MILLS.—*The Zend-Avesta.* Part iii. Sacred Books of the East. Vol. xxxi. Oxford, 1887: The Clarendon Press. New York, Macmillan & Co.

SCRIVENER.—*Novum Testamentum Graece*, pp. xvi., 598. New York, 1887: Holt & Co.

SNOW.—*The City Government of St. Louis.* Johns Hopkins University Studies in Historical and Political Science, pp. 40. Baltimore, 1887: N. Murray, University Publisher.

THORODDSEN.—*Sigrid.* Translated by C. Chrest, Edited by Thomas Tupper, Jr., pp. 286. New York, 1887: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

WHITE.—*A History of the Doctrine of Comets*, pp. 43. New York and London, 1887: G. P. Putnam's Sons.